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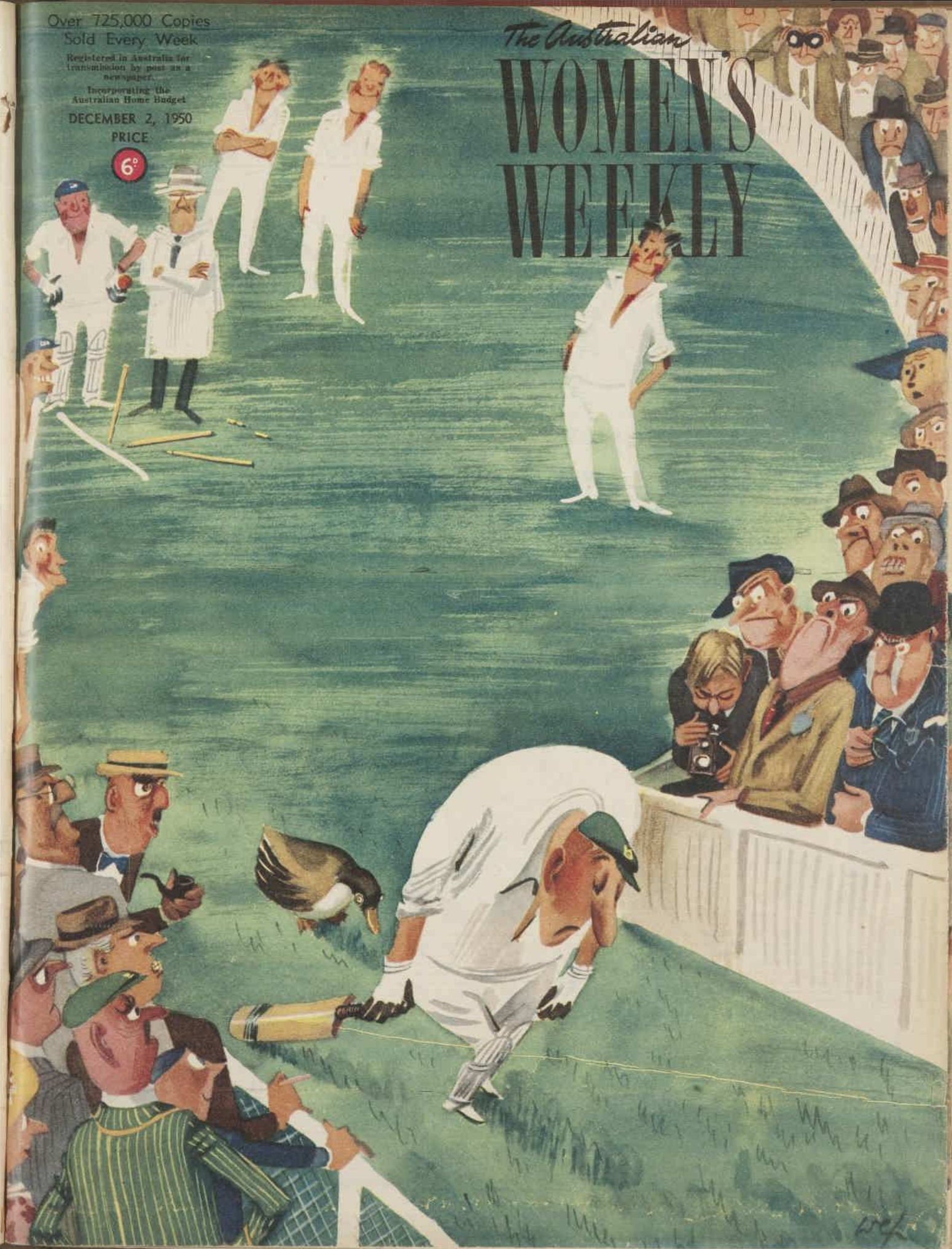
Incorporating the  
Australian Home Budget

DECEMBER 2, 1950

PRICE

6<sup>d</sup>

# *The Australian* WOMEN'S WEEKLY





# Housewife ... Mother ... Teenager Business Girl ... Outdoor Woman

## **'ASPRO'** *helps you one and all!*



Foebish children and nerve racked mothers usually go together. 'Aspro' tablets do a double job in bringing relief to both. One of the great features of 'Aspro' is that for all its effectiveness for grown-ups it is still safe for children. Another thing—children's complaints are commonly of a feverish nature and 'Aspro' is, among other things, an antipyretic or fever reducer. Directions are on every packet.



Headaches and pain have an unhappy knack of coming just when the pressure is on. What do YOU do then? Do you take 'Aspro'—or some treatment which leaves you irritable, nervy, "on edge"? Take nothing but 'ASPRO'—stop the pain or headache—and restore your poise, calmness and assurance in the quickest possible time. 'Aspro,' remember, acts in a SOOTHING way—without irritating or unsteady after-effects. Keep 'Aspro' in your desk!



Remember —

**'ASPRO'**  
does not  
harm the  
HEART

The slightest fear of some pain or sudden discomfort spoiling your fun is enough to affect your thought and action. But 'Aspro' is your ever-ready protector. The knowledge that you have 'Aspro' with you, ready for instant action, gives you a positive outlook on whatever you're about to do. For energetic people 'Aspro' is a boon—it acts with such swiftness and certainty, while, at the same time, leaves no after-effects which could unsettle you.



Nature intended you to sleep. When you don't, it robs you of energy, makes you nervy, undermines your health. Quite frequently the cause of sleeplessness can be removed by 'Aspro' with its soothing action. When 'ASPRO' sends you off to sleep you can depend upon waking up thoroughly refreshed and keen because 'Aspro' leaves no after-effects. It does its work efficiently and smoothly.



Two 'Aspro' tablets taken with a cup of tea is a splendid combination for bringing relaxation and freshening you up when you need it most. There are reasons for this—'Aspro,' first of all, acts soothingly, with no disturbing after-effects. Your headache goes in such a way that you feel clear-headed and relaxed. 'Aspro' is quick in action; a hot cup of tea will make it even quicker and add a "lift" as well. You'll find 'Aspro' and a cup of tea the quick answer to those vague spells of weary headachy depression so common to busy housewives.



Sunshine can be a joy and a benefit but it brings trouble to many—glare causes headaches, there is the pain of sunburn, the feverish effects of over-exposure. . . . 'Aspro' dispels all these troubles quickly and safely. On every outing carry your 'Aspro'—know you have protection, then go ahead and ENJOY the sun!

# 'ASPRO'

for —  
COLDS  
FLU  
LUMBAGO  
SCIATICA  
NEURITIS  
SLEEPLESSNESS  
TEMPERATURE  
FEVERISHNESS  
SORE THROAT  
IRRITABILITY  
RHEUMATISM  
TOOTHACHE  
NEURALGIA  
HEADACHE  
NERVE PAINS



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Nicholas Product



# Don't Beat Me

PUBLIC LIBRARY  
28 NOV 1950  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

by B. M.  
ATKINSON,  
Jun.

**F**RIEND, reflect on the harrowing case of Roger Hoyt versus his sons, George and William, his wife, and their cook named Lucy. It all began the evening Roger ran over William's bicycle in the driveway. He knew it was William's because son George's was in the repair shop. Mrs. Hoyt had backed over it the week previously.

Roger charged up the front steps and threw open the door. His wife and the two boys were standing in the hall. William looked like a puppy about to be struck by a truck. "Don't spank me," he said. "I'm such a little fellow." He had learned that from his mother.

"William," Roger said sternly, "how

many times have I told you about leaving your bicycle in the driveway?"

"You never told me. You told George!"

Roger looked at Mrs. Hoyt. "There are going to be some changes around here starting right now. William, who's going to pay for your bicycle?"

"I am."

"How?"

"Out of my allowance."

"Your allowance stopped one minute ago. Yours, too, George. You boys won't appreciate money until you have to make your own. Neither of you gets another cent until you pay for those bicycles."

"But, Roger," said Mrs. Hoyt, "they're still just children."



Soon there was a big crowd, but nobody could release William.



A lovelier You  
in just one minute with a

## 1-Minute Mask

Whenever you want to look your sweetest and prettiest, give your complexion a delightful pick-up with a Pond's Vanishing Cream 1-Minute Mask.

First—Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Instantly—The "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens dried skin flakes. Dissolves them.

Then—After just one minute, tissue off clean. You're lovelier! Your complexion looks radiant! Clearer, silkier, more velvety smooth!



A perfect powder hair, too!



The Marchioness of Queensberry

charming Scottish pegeen, says: "I can see the effect of a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream instantly. A brighter, clearer, wide-awake look—a softer, smoother finish that takes make-up magnificently."

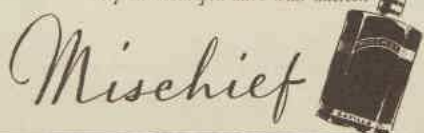
### POND'S VANISHING CREAM

FCO-8



a little mischief  
to complete the effect

Ready to 'step out'! Hair-do and make-up perfect! New dress—new shoes! And a finishing touch of MISCHIEF adds excitement to perfection, setting the very air about you alive with interest.



MISCHIEF is one of the perfumes by SAVILLE each of which has an exquisite talcum powder perfumed to match.

Saville

CVS-45

## ROGER

broke off to call in Lucy, the cook. "Lucy," he said, "while Mrs. Hoyt and I are in town to-morrow these boys don't borrow a cent from you, understand? They're on their own." Lucy looked at William and nodded sadly.

The next morning when they were leaving Roger said, "George, you and William listen to me. Your mother says I was a little hard on you last night. Here's my proposition. If you two boys have earned just a quarter between you by the time we get back, everything is forgiven. Otherwise, it'll be a cold day in the middle of summer before you get another nickel out of me."

He waved good-bye to Lucy. "Take care of everything, Lucy," he said. "The old folks are off to kick up their heels a bit."

George and William went upstairs and got into their old clothes. They would show him. They went around inquiring about small lawns to mow, small yards to clean.

At two o'clock they were still jobless. They were sitting on the back steps when Lucy came to the door. "Don't you boys look so woe-begone. Go out in the garage and get them old ginger-ale bottles. Mr. Robbins will give you a penny apiece for them. Don't tell your daddy I told you about them, though."

"I was just telling William that was what we ought to do," George lied.

They gathered up the bottles and trudged the three blocks to Mr. Robbins' grocery. He was closed for his aunt's funeral. They decided to try the grocery down on Broad Street.

Sure enough, the man gave them a penny apiece for the bottles. Eighteen cents. Only seven more and their assigned goal would be reached. They started home to hunt for more bottles. A block up from Broad Street they saw a shabbily dressed man come out of an alley, wipe his mouth, and deposit a fancy-looking bottle in a city trash can, the kind with the swinging top.

The immediate decision was that such an ornate vessel would bring twice as much as a plain old ginger-ale bottle. George stood on tiptoe and reached down into the can. No luck. William brought him a box from the alley to stand on. That helped but the top of the can still wouldn't swing far enough out to admit his head and shoulders.

Then William tried. It was a tight squeeze but he made it. "I got it," he mumbled down in the can. He started worming his way out. Then he stopped.

"George, get me out. I'm stuck!" George pulled on his legs. "You're choking me!" George tried to twist him around. "You're cutting my head off!" George tried shoving him forward to give the top more play.

"You're breaking my ribs." Then William started crying. George was scared, too. He looked around for help and spotted an elderly lady on the corner. He ran over to her.

"Lady, please help me. My little brother has got his head caught in a garbage can!"

"Good gracious," she said. She tried lifting William up and pulling him out upside down. William screamed louder than ever. She called to a man across the street. From a store came two more men. Then a man in a car stopped.

Soon there was a big crowd and traffic was tied up for two blocks. But nobody could get William out. Or quiet him.

## Don't Beat Me!

Continued from page 3

When people found out that it was panic, not pain, causing the muffled shrieks they couldn't help laughing. George thought it might be safe for him to go and call Lucy.

"Stay right here, William," he hollered into the can, "I'll be right back." Then he went into a store and asked to use the phone. Just as he picked up the receiver he heard a man looking out the window say, "I'd sure like to have a picture of that."

He forgot Lucy. He started looking up the number of the "Times" newspaper. He remembered that they offered a lot of money for a tip on a good picture.

A man answered the phone.

"Do you still pay money for good pictures?" George asked.

"That's right. We pay ten dollars."

"Would you pay for a picture of my little brother with his head caught in a garbage can? About five hundred people can't get him out!"

"Well, tell them to pull real hard. Sorry, sonny."

Just then a police car pulled up outside, its siren whining.

"What was that?" the man on the phone asked.

"That was the police," George said very matter-of-factly. "I think I hear a fire engine coming, too."

"Where are you?" the man said very matter-of-factly.

George told him. When he went back outside, a policeman was working on the top of the trash can with a funny-looking saw. William had settled down to a steady sobbing.

"Don't hurry too much," George said. "He just likes to yell!"

The top was about off when two men, one with a camera, came through the crowd. George was very relieved. The photographer started off by taking a couple of pictures of William's highly active posterior. Then he said to George, "Put your arm around his waist and look real sad." Some of the women almost cried.

THE policeman cleared them back and said, "Here she comes!" He gave a few more pushes with the saw and off came the top and out came William, still clutching the empty whisky bottle. The photographer took another picture.

"Don't cry any more, William," George said, putting his arm around him. "We got ten dollars for him taking your picture."

"Look here," the reporter said, holding a crisp, new ten-dollar bill out to William.

The sobbing died away. "Ten dollars!" William gasped.

"Yep, and it's all yours. Just answer a few questions for me. What were you after in the can?"

"I was after this bottle."

"Why?"

"So we could sell it. We need money."

"What do you need money for?"

"So I can get my bicycle fixed. My daddy ran over it."

"Well, won't he give you any money?"

"He's going to give me a nickel if there's a cold day next summer."

"That's mighty big of him. You

certainly must have a wonderful daddy. Where is he?"

"He said he was going to the city to kick up his heels."

"That's great. While you scrounge around after whisky bottles, he's down in the city kicking up his heels. What's his name and where do you live?"

William told him. "Well," said the reporter, "we're certainly going to have a nice surprise for daddy when he gets back."

He turned around and faced the crowd.

"Folks, this little boy's father ran over his bicycle. He's collecting bottles to raise money to get it fixed. His father won't help him. What about it?"

Men began digging into their pockets, women fished around in their purses. The photographer took pictures of them crowding around thrusting money into William's hands.

"Thirty-three dollars and eighty cents," the reporter said. "That'll fix any bicycle. Thanks, again, George."

Lucy gasped when they paraded into the kitchen.

"Gosh, what happened to you, William?"

"I been making money," William said.

"We both been making money," George said. "Look here." He and William began piling their takings on the table. Dollar bills, five-dollar bills, nickels, dimes, half dollars, and, on top of it all, the ten-dollar bill.

She grabbed William by the shoulders. "What have you boys been doing? You must have robbed somebody. Why did I let you out of my sight? Where'd you get that money, George?"

"We made it, Lucy, we made it." Lucy trembled on the edge of her chair while George told her all that had happened.

"Go take a bath," she said. "Put on your best clothes. We're going downtown to that newspaper. Mr. Roger will kill all of us."

An hour later Lucy stopped a man on Fourth Street. "Can you tell us where the newspaper is?" she said anxiously. "I'm all messed up on my directions." She and George had been arguing about which street to turn down.

"Right around the corner on Walnut."

"That's what I told you, George. You don't know where nothing but trouble is but you can certainly find that."

Editor Ben Graham's secretary came into his inner office, shaking her head.

"There's a nurse out here with two little boys who says she has got to see you. In fact, she says if she doesn't see you somebody is going to blow up the building."

"That's good enough for me," Graham said. "Send her in."

Lucy entered cautiously. "Are you are head of this organisation?"

"I'm afraid so," Graham laughed. He was a big, good-natured man and the strange delegation was a relief from his usual run of callers.

"Can you keep pictures out of the paper?"

"It all depends. Sit down."

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## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 2, 1950

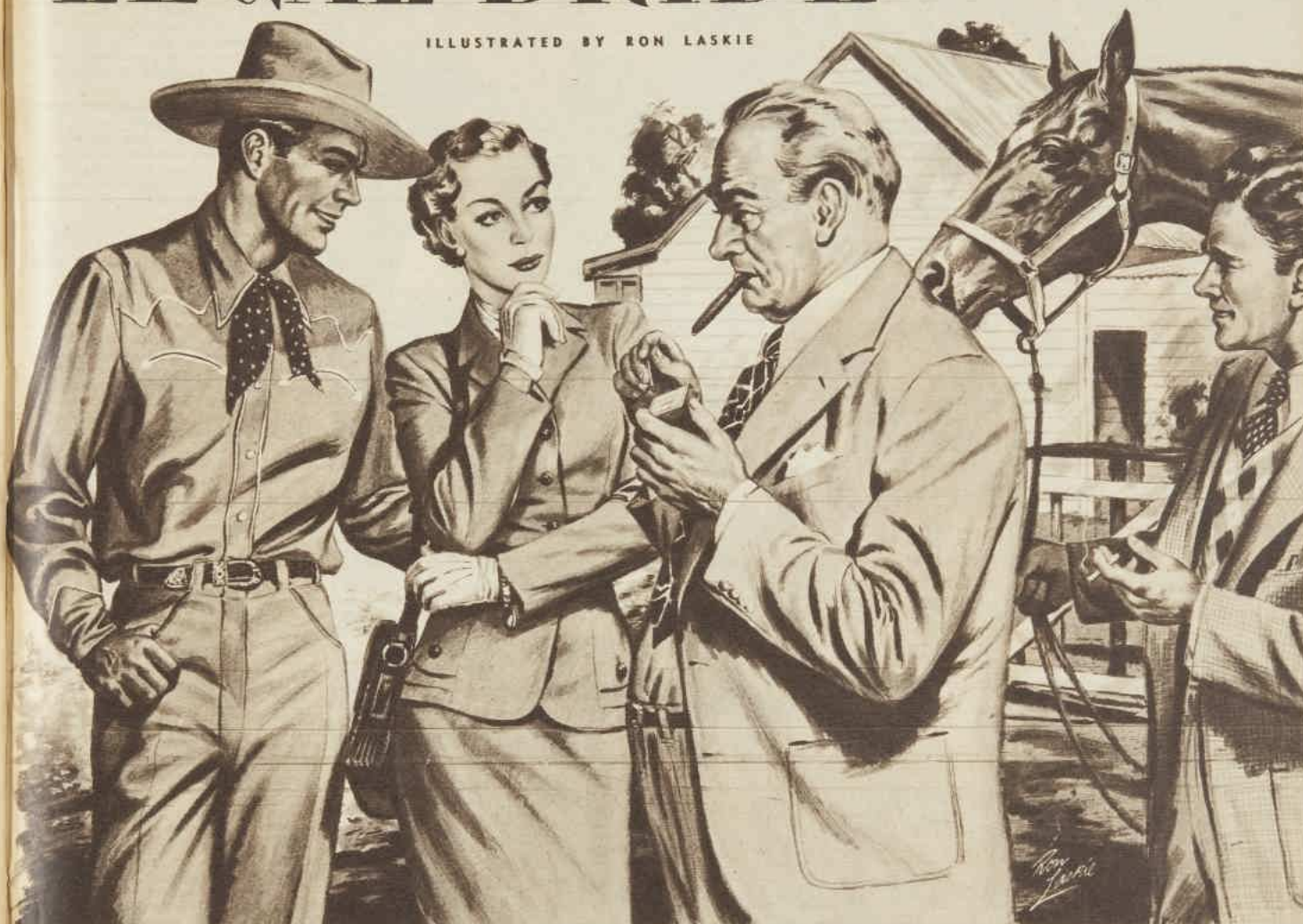


# LEGAL BRIDE

By . . .  
ROBERT CARSON

Part five of a six-part serial

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE



FROM the moment she meets her first client, cowboy film star BEN CASTLE, life becomes a whirl of dizzy adventure for youthful attorney ABIGAIL JANE FURNIVAL.

Crazily in love with Ben at first sight, she readily agrees to marry him at once. But the marriage is only a clever scheme by which Ben rids himself of a gambling debt to racketeer HARRY KALLEN. Learning this, Abigail leaves Ben, but later that day goes to his home, believing that he may, after all, be in love with her.

Involved in the whole affair meanwhile are JACK HALL, Ben's private pilot; JAKE HARRIS, his publicity man; ALICE NORMAN, Abigail's friend and room-mate.

Again finding that Ben's apparent love is only a clever stratagem, Abigail leaves him that evening.

Now read on . . .

ABIGAIL was on the verge of tears as she drove up to the building where she and Alice had their rooms. She was still fighting a desire to burst into sobs when she unlocked the door and walked into the front room. She stopped abruptly.

A young man in a neat blue suit was seated in the best armchair. In his lap was Alice, hugging him tightly.

"I hope I'm not intruding," Abigail said, as the two rose hastily. "I beg your pardon," Alice said, rather coldly. "Mrs. Castle, may I present Mr. Austin Tisdale? Mr. Tisdale is assistant cashier of the Beverly Hills branch of the Forty-

niner Bank & Trust Company, and we recently discovered mutual interests while discussing one of my overdrafts."

"A great pleasure, I assure you," Abigail said. "Please don't mind me. I'll just bring my luggage in."

"Luggage?" Alice echoed. Abigail scowled. "Yes, luggage! I've left my husband."

She blurted out a few pertinent facts, with Alice clucking and questioning sympathetically. Mr. Tisdale was completely bewildered by what he heard, but he nevertheless helped very efficiently in transporting Abigail's luggage to the bedroom.

Left alone there, Abigail lit a

cigarette, determined not to consider the intricacies of her love life.

Suddenly she remembered that she would need a job. She decided to call her father's old friend, Mr. Calhoun, who had promised her a job as a clerk, though he spurned her services as a lawyer.

In the front room Alice was back in Austin Tisdale's lap. Abigail coughed warningly. They got up.

"Excuse me," Abigail said. "I simply have to make an important telephone call." She rang Harrison F. Calhoun at his home number. He answered in person.

"This is Abigail Furnival," Abigail said. "I regret bothering you—"

HARRISON F. Calhoun broke in heartily, "You mean Mrs. Ben Castle, and you're not bothering me. I saw your picture in the newspaper, Abigail, and I must say I never realised how well you look in a bathing suit. No wonder that cowboy was enchanted."

"Yes," Abigail said. "Thank you very much. Listen, Mr. Calhoun, is that job in your office still open? I want it."

"What?" Calhoun said. "Circumstances have altered," Abigail said, "and I am again alone

Mr. Birgin's surly gaze travelled from Abigail to Ben. "I'm very busy. What do you want, cowboy?" he demanded.

in the world and have to earn a living. Will you take me on?"

"Why, yes," Calhoun said. "You poor kid! How soon you have discovered the worm in the apple! Other women?"

"I'll explain another time, Mr. Calhoun," Abigail said hastily. "When shall I report for work?"

"Monday morning at eight-thirty," Calhoun said. "Simpson and Calhoun will stand by you, Abigail. We'll bring that fellow before the bar of justice, don't you fear."

"Yes, yes," Abigail said. "Good-night, Mr. Calhoun. Thank you." She hung up, and went back to the bedroom.

For a long while she lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling with wide eyes. She leaped when the door bell sounded, and waited for Alice's discreet rap on the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A guy that calls me 'Aunt Alice.'"

He says he is named Jack Hall."

"Oh, dear. He's the man who flew us up to Las Vegas. All right, I'm coming."

Jack Hall was standing in the front room looking narrowly at Tisdale, a newspaper wadded in one

jacket pocket. Abigail hurtled across to him, grasped his hand, and spoke with desperate gaiety.

"What a pleasant surprise, Jack!" she said. "How sweet of you to drop by."

"You don't know what this does for me, A.J.," Hall said. "The sight of you here, I mean. I thought you were living up on the hill with that alcoholic."

"Do sit down," Abigail said. "Have a cigarette. You know Austin, don't you?"

"Yes, we—" Tisdale began.

"I had to make a round trip to San Francisco to-day," Hall said, "and when I got back I bought a newspaper at the airport. There you were in a bathing suit, sitting at the feet of the cowboy. It floored me—I thought my eyes were going. I couldn't eat any dinner. I decided the minute there was a chance to break away, I'd look up Aunt Alice and discuss it with her."

"Pardon me, pal," Alice said. "My name is Alice, and I'm not anybody's aunt. Let's keep that in mind, shall we?"

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Page 5

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 2, 1950

IT'S EASY to get good results in your baking of Scones, Cakes and Pastries with AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.



# THE GENERAL'S

## Lady



**E**VEN at one o'clock in the morning the blonde at the door of the Zulu Room was alert and smiling as she took the hat checks of two large, informal patrons. She placed them as industrial executives of the kind that come and go in Washington, looking for contracts or modifications of contracts or merely maintaining good public relations in the vague way that art is now understood.

They were by no means tipsy, but their slightly ruffled hair and off-centre neckties gave signs of an unbuttoned mood that sometimes, in the girl's experience, led to conversation worth following.

"Don't ask me why they want it," one was saying. "What would you do with a rubber ball twenty feet in diameter?"

"Is it a balloon, or what?"

"This thing's got sort of a cockpit built inside it. You ever hear of a balloonist sitting inside the gas bag?"

"Beats me. Who ordered it?"

"This'll kill you. It's an Air Force project. Bobo Littlefield's baby. They tell me he was out looking at it the other day."

They were ready to leave now, and one of them tossed a dollar bill among the tips.

Across the carpeted lobby, she saw the revolving door wheel them out into the darkness. The girl reached under the counter for an envelope already stamped and addressed to a post-office box. It held a blank card and on this she wrote: "Check Air Force. Something about a huge rubber ball. Nobody knows why they're building it, but General Littlefield is mixed up in it."

She signed only her first name—Coralie—and then sealed the envelope and put it back under the shelf. When she went off duty, she mailed it to Hank Burton, a syndicated columnist, and went home with a light heart. A tip like that might be worth a dozen pairs of good nylons. Bobo Littlefield was always news.

Hank Burton found her message on his desk when he came down to his office after a Press Club luncheon. He was a fresh-faced, vigorous young man, with inexhaustible energy and all the ethical scruples of a carnival grafter.

Burton frowned and reached for the telephone, pondering whether to call a publicity-happy senator or a representative over whose head he kept in suspense certain embarrassing details of the last election.

Three mornings later Daisy Littlefield looked across the breakfast table at her husband. At the moment, the youngest two-star general on the permanent list was not engaged in anything more sinister than buttering a piece of toast. But a fit of abstraction had seized him, and it was that absent gaze that made her wonder.

"Bobo," she said with conviction, "you're up to something."

His still-boyish face became suddenly blank and guileless. "What makes you say that?" He finished the toast with deliberation and pushed his plate away. "Don't pay any attention to Senator Hooper's speech," he said, lighting a cigarette. "He's just sounding off."

Their eyes met affectionately, but Daisy could not control her feeling of panic. It was like the time before the war, when Bobo was missing for five days on a round-the-world flight. Or when he was doing altitude tests without oxygen. Or entered again for a closed-course race at Cleveland without telling her.

"There must be thousands of other men wanting to take a trip over Niagara. Why does it have to be you?" Daisy asked plaintively.

WYNNE W. DAVIES



**Bobo and Daisy had spent their honeymoon at Niagara Falls, and this was supposed to be a second honeymoon, even though the entire Navy, Army, and Air Force seemed to be present.**

"What about all those trips to Dayton and Buffalo you've been making recently?"

"It's nothing that ought to worry you."

Of course not, she thought despairingly. Just sit here and take it, Mrs. L. She was old Army herself, the daughter of a brigadier, and she believed that when a man had stars on his shoulders and a sweet old house in Alexandria, he ought to sit back and relax.

But nowadays everything was all mixed up. She could see his side of it, in a way. He was a two-star general at an age when he might have expected to be no more than a lieutenant-colonel, if that.

Outside, a low, discreet honk gave notice that the houseman had brought Bobo's car to the door. He rose from the table.

"I think I'll come with you," said Daisy.

"Fine. Where can I drop you?"

"Right at the Pentagon. I want to see Jim."

Bobo grinned. "Okay, if Public Relations can release the news, I guess your brother'll pass it on."

"I wish for once you'd tell me yourself."

"Look," he said, "how'd you like a second honeymoon? Maybe next week."

"Up at Niagara Falls? Oh, Bobo, can we?"

"I don't see why not. It's a date. Wednesday to Monday. Lieutenant Littlefield and his redheaded bride, back in the old tourist home."

Bobo was driving his own convertible, and she got in beside him. "You know," he said carefully, touching the starter, "some things look dangerous when actually they're not. Don't go getting ideas, no matter what Jim tells you."

At the Pentagon they parted, and she went to find her brother, a colonel in Public Relations. He was just coming out of his office, looking important, with a sheaf of mimeographed papers under one arm.

"Come on, Jim, give," she said with sisterly directness. "What's Bobo up to?"

Her brother turned down the hall. "You'll know all about that in ten minutes. We're just starting a Press conference to release the news."

They passed before an open door, and, looking in, Daisy could see a dozen men and two or three women lounging on chairs at the front of a long room. "Is this it?" she asked. "Can't I go to it?"

"If you want to," he said. "Nothing to stop you. Take a seat in the back and make yourself inconspicuous."

Presently Bobo and Jim came out of another door, and her husband stood there, lean, assured, and competent, his ribbons blazing in a patchwork of color against his

jacket. He was saying something, and Jim gave out the mimeographed sheets. And then it happened. There was one incredulous shout, and then a sudden uproar. To her terror, every reporter in the place turned and came charging toward her, their eyes dilated with a lunatic intent, their coat tails flying, as menacing as a herd of stampeded cattle.

In her next conscious moment Jim was bending over her chair. There was no one else in the room. "You all right?" he asked anxiously.

"I guess so," she said nervously, adjusting her hat. "What in the world was the matter with them?"

"They were just running for the telephones," he told her. "How did the news strike you?"

"I don't think I heard it. It seemed to me Bobo was saying something about Niagara Falls."

"But that's it! That was the announcement. Bobo's going over Niagara Falls in that rubber ball Senator Hooper was fussing about."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes! It's all set. Big project."

"He is not. Where is he?"

"Look, Daisy, you can't see him now. He's with the boss, and he'll be tied up all day. This calls for a lot of huddles."

She put her hand weakly to her forehead.

"I think I'm going to faint."

But instead she got up, took a taxi to Washington, had lunch alone, sat through a movie, and then, more or less in desperation, bought a new hat and went to get her hair done. At the hair-dresser's she had a chance to see what the papers made of Bobo's announcement. There were heavy headlines, but the stories were not rewarding. One writer made a little drama out of a single question. "Which side, general, American or Canadian?"

"American," Bobo was reported as having said. And then, after a pause, "Of course." That ham, she thought, clenching her small fists. That skunk.

She was still boiling when she got home, and when she found Bobo in the small sitting-room, doing a crossword puzzle like a peaceful man, she exploded.

"Wait a minute," he pleaded. "Don't you start. I've had admirals jumping down my throat all day."

"Admirals? What have they got to do with it?" she demanded.

"Well, it's a waterborne operation, and the principles of unification—"

"Oh, rats! They fly in the air, don't they? If the Air Force has some sensible reason for sending one of its generals over Niagara Falls—which I very much doubt, by the way—"

"Then the Army Engineers dealt themselves a hand," Bobo continued, with the air of a man who has had a lot to bear with.

"How do they come into it?"

"The Niagara's a navigable stream. There wasn't any answer to that one. We just tried to sweet-talk them out of it, and when that didn't work, we got an over-all directive from the Joint Chiefs."

"The Joint Chiefs must be out of their minds," she said.

"Don't worry. There's a sound idea behind it."

"But, of course, you can't tell me."

"Not yet."

"I don't know why I don't shoot you," she said, collapsing into a chair. "Any jury would acquit me without leaving the box. Why does it have to be daredevil Bobo that goes over the Falls?"

"Well, you see, it's my baby."

"There must be thousands of second lieutenants who would be glad to crawl into a rubber ball and take a nice trip over Niagara. Why should you spoil their fun?"

"It's perfectly safe," he said. "A fellow named Jean Lussier went over in a smaller ball twenty years ago. Came out without a scratch. All he did was bounce six or seven times."

"Bounce?"

"Yeah. You know, up and down. And there he was. I'm sorry, Daisy, but I've got to do it myself. You'll see. It will all be over in a few minutes. And then we can spend three or four days at the Falls."

"Count me out," said Daisy firmly.

Still, in the end, a week later, Daisy found herself on the deck of the Maid of the Mist in the lower Niagara River, just below the cataracts. Like the other observers assembled to watch Bobo, she wore the regulation black oilskins and sou'-westers kept for sightseers. The sombre garb covered the American Navy, Army, and Air Force uniforms, as well as those of the Canadians co-operating in what they accepted dubiously as a defence project.

Fifty yards away, the Maid of the Mist II, its decks crowded with more invited guests and with newspapermen, held its own against the current, and waited. No one else had been permitted to come down even as far

as the river bank, but Observation Point, Goat Island, and the Rainbow Ridge swarmed with spectators.

Her brother Jim stood beside her. Now he turned, and she saw his tense face framed in the opening of his sou'-wester. "Take it easy," he said. "It won't be long now."

Even as he spoke, a roar of cheers went up from the bridge and from the shore. Daisy couldn't bear to watch any more and, turning, put her head on her brother's shoulder. "Oh, God, let him come down safely," she murmured.

The ball looked surprisingly tiny against the majestic torrent of white water. It seemed to tremble for an instant on the tremendous crest, and then it disappeared in a smother of foam and spray. The river at the foot of the Falls received it, held it for an agonising moment, and then the sphere, now much larger in appearance, bounced high in the air.

Ten seconds later it was free of the boiling maelstrom and floating strongly in the river. After that, it was a simple matter for the two sightseeing boats to block its course downstream and combine in urging it gently toward the pier on the American side.

*Please turn to  
page 55*

By  
**PAUL JONES**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WYNNE W. DAVIES



*Daisy couldn't bear to watch any more. She turned her back on the rubber ball and put her head on her brother's shoulder.*



By  
**DOROTHY  
COTTRELL**

# Hurricane WEDDING

conversations, but made instead for the church. Grasping the bell rope, he sent the notes of the ancient bell falling into the wild dusk like floating and majestic drops of its bronze self. And from everywhere came the sounds of the people speaking in low voices as they hurried toward the church.

Jean Mareo went out on to the steps, and in the little time the light had failed, and he must strain his eyes to see the people.

He said in his deep voice: "The good father has word from the weather bureau that the storm has turned toward us! Full hurricane will be upon us in perhaps an hour! Board up your homes! Take your children and your old ones to the high land! Do all that you may do, and do it quickly, for the good father warns that this is a great storm, and the sea may sweep us! I must go now, and may God be with you!"

Courteous voices thanked him from the darkness: "Our thanks, Jean Mareo!"

"If you would care to spend the storm with us, Jean Mareo, our house is strong."

"You must hunger, Jean Mareo! The soup is ready. I will bring it ere you could move!"

Only the echo of afterglow pinkened the rising smoke of the cooking fires as he entered the village of South Point. The interiors of the many-colored houses were dark and rich with scents of stewing turtle meat and toasting cassava cakes, and where the black women in pink and white and lilac dresses stooped over the yard fires or knelt before the stone ovens, the great night seemed putting its arms about them.

Jean Mareo had no breath for individual

**J**EAN MAREO, great-bodied young Negro of the little Island of the Most Holy Sabbath of the Sainted Mother of God, moved through the sunset forest at the striding run which, with minor interruptions, he had maintained since noon, and even he, the strongest runner of Caribbee, experienced an increasing trembling of exhaustion and the burning ache of rebellion in his straining calves and thighs.

Low in the west the black clouds had parted, and in the unearthly light of hurricane sunset which turned the sky into a distant furnace and the sea to a semblance of molten metal whose reflections splashed flame into the darkening jungle, he was alternately a part of the shadows and a running bronze stained in fire.

The sweat of his rhythmically laboring chest glittered, as did the dark foliage drenched by the last wild shower, while the harsh sound of his breathing held something of the still-restrained violence of the gusts that tossed the jungle roof to a roar of leaves and as abruptly ceased. For as yet there was little sustained wind, merely a vast restlessness of the air, the shock of whose pulsations touched the island and were gone.

In all the world there was the sense of a great thing to be; the urgency of time that was running out. Jean Mareo knew. Soon the wind will come.

He was thankful that he had almost finished his duties as one of the official "hurricane warners" of the island—duties that were very heavy on an island populated almost entirely by women and children whose men were at sea and by old men too weak to be of aid—for he had still to board up his own house and bring in his pigs and goats. Since the good father at the mission had given out the noon advisory in which they were told to prepare for disaster, he, Jean Mareo, had half circled the island, warning the villages and the woodchoppers' camps.

He had helped Grannie Jameson board up her home. He had found Widow Jones' cow where the animal was placidly eating moon-flowers on a beach that would certainly be swept by tidal wave. He had helped Sister Frances gather the children into the school building and had seen that they were supplied with water and lamps, food and blankets. He had aided old men in the lashing of boats and stowing of skiffs, and still he had been in good time as he reported at the mission, where the good father, with gown tucked up, was expertly cutting hardwood posts to shore the doors of the hospital.

"Ah, Mareo!" Father Anthony had said, wiping his forehead. "I must ask you to run to South Point. The south warner broke his leg and has just crawled out of the jungle to say that he did not get through to them." Seeing the consternation in Jean Mareo's dark face, he asked, "What is it, my son?"

"It is of no moment, good father," Jean Mareo said quickly. "The distance is not far and I will be back in time to board my house."

The reverend mother, hurriedly transferring containers of plasma from the refrigerators to the well—the safest place if they were "swept"—gave Jean Mareo her ruddy-faced smile as he passed her. "You will meet Therese on the path, where she is bringing in the children from the gipsy camp," the reverend mother said. "And her father is a wool-headed fool to think of marrying

her to the postmaster when she might have you!"

"If I can but save my house, I have hope that he may yet say yes," Jean Mareo said, and handed her another rack of containers and ran on.

Alone, Jean Mareo tightened his lips, glanced at the clouds that swung in a mighty arc above the jungle and, for all his weariness, increased his speed. Years of hope and the happiness of two lives hung on his being back in time to board his house. He must not betray Therese because his heart shook his laboring chest and his breath was a pain in his burning throat! To be sure he did not fail, he thought of Therese and felt his love for her in every fibre of his body.

His mind could not recall a time when he had not loved her. To be away from her was to ache; to look upon her was to be feasted.

Could they but be one with each other, all the world would be given them. Though it was very hard when there was the old one, the grandmother, who must have milk and many things, and the small ones, the brothers, who must have milk and whose needs were even greater.

For his house he had had to save for five years, doing without tobacco and mending his clothes by lamplight until little of the original fabric remained, buying nails in sixpennyworths, and two hinges for the door after eating only one meal a day for two months. But now at least the house was almost finished. He had only to be sure of being back in time to board the doors and windows.

At the intersection with the path to the gipsy camp, he heard the approach of Therese and the children, and wheeled off to meet them, standing before her in his tattered shorts.

He said, "Do not delay in reaching the mission, Therese! Be in shelter before the wind comes! I have only to warn the South Point and board the house, and I will be with you!" He held her beautiful face for an instant between his hands.

Her hands held his naked shoulders as she looked up at him. "Be careful yourself, Jean Mareo. Do not take any foolish risks."

His mouth curved in a smile. "I will not. I will be so cowardly that you will be ashamed to be seen companioning me."

She reached up and kissed him quickly, and he ran back to the main path while she gathered the children.

The kiss was new strength on his mouth, but also a shock of terror in a world where the heart cares so desperately and life is so frail a thread. Lovers who parted before an approaching storm might never see each other again.

And if he did not get the house boarded, and it blew down, her father would carry out his threat to marry her to the postmaster, a fat and elderly black man, but very rich, because his high office brought in all of forty dollars a year. And thinking of her married to the postmaster, he missed his step and came down on his knees on the coral so that blood ran down his shins as he scrambled to his feet again.

Then, breaking from the forest on to the long beach, he felt the measured tramp of the hurricane swells and must shade his eyes against the infernal light as he stared into the blaze of sea and sky.



ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE



*"Much may be done by those about to die.....  
and much may be said by lips that say good-bye"*

He answered, "I thank you, but I must return to Old Town. My house is yet to be boarded." He hesitated as his young stomach cried of the twelve hours since he had eaten. "If one has it to spare, I might carry with me a coconut of soup."

"Rest on the steps, Jean Marco! It will be with you!"

Already from far and near came the sound of hammering and the wavering gleam of torches and the lesser but steadier lights of lanterns moved hurriedly. Already, families carrying furniture, young goats, and bunches of chickens were streaming past toward the high ground.

Then a young woman put into his hands a coconut shell full of fine soup, delicate with coconut and sliced carrots, and another woman was offering him crisp toasted cassava cakes buttered with coconut cream.

"My thanks! I will eat as I go."

"Good fortune, Jean Marco!" the women said. "May your house hold, Jean Marco!"

And he was running through the returning drift of rain as the forest rushed and bent to the first gust of great wind. But the soup

and cakes helped him, and he felt stronger and full of hope that he could still board his house in time. Even though the black forest roared, there would still be considerable time in which a strong man could handle boards without their breaking his arms or stunning him. For Therese he would be very strong.

He had taken a torch from the church, and the wavering flare showed the jungle path, unfamiliar now because the rising hurricane tide was creeping across it in small pools and eddies of clear water on which the dead leaves floated, and the great, pale land crabs were moving inland with a sort of sideward dance and much waving and clashing of large claws.

The wind had dropped again as he reached the beach, but the beach itself was inundated, and he splashed through the warm tide while the long-spaced hurricane swells washed to his hips as they rolled past him to lose themselves bubblingly in the jungle.

Suddenly he stopped and stared seaward, unable to believe what he saw. In the tremendous darkness over the outer reef, someone was fishing with torch and spear. At

any instant, the torch might be blotted out forever. Jean Marco waved his own torch and shouted with all the volume of his young lungs: "Ahoy! Come ashore! The hurricane is upon us!" The dimly visible figure continued its fishing. "Ahoy yonder! The hurricane comes!" Jean Marco bellowed.

With sinking heart, Jean Marco realised that it must be old Timothy, and that he did not believe there would be a storm, since it was not in the almanac. The old man was deaf as a coconut and obstinate as many donkeys. No man save Timothy would have gone fishing from a small boat on such a night as this. Yet if he stayed there he would be whirled away, drowned in the black shrieking smother of the storm. It was a terrible thing to die alone in the sea in a hurricane.

There was no way of reaching Timothy save by swimming, and no one would expect him to do so insane a thing as to swim out through shark-infested waters to the outer reef under an impending hurricane. And yet he could not go on and leave the old fool there to certain death.

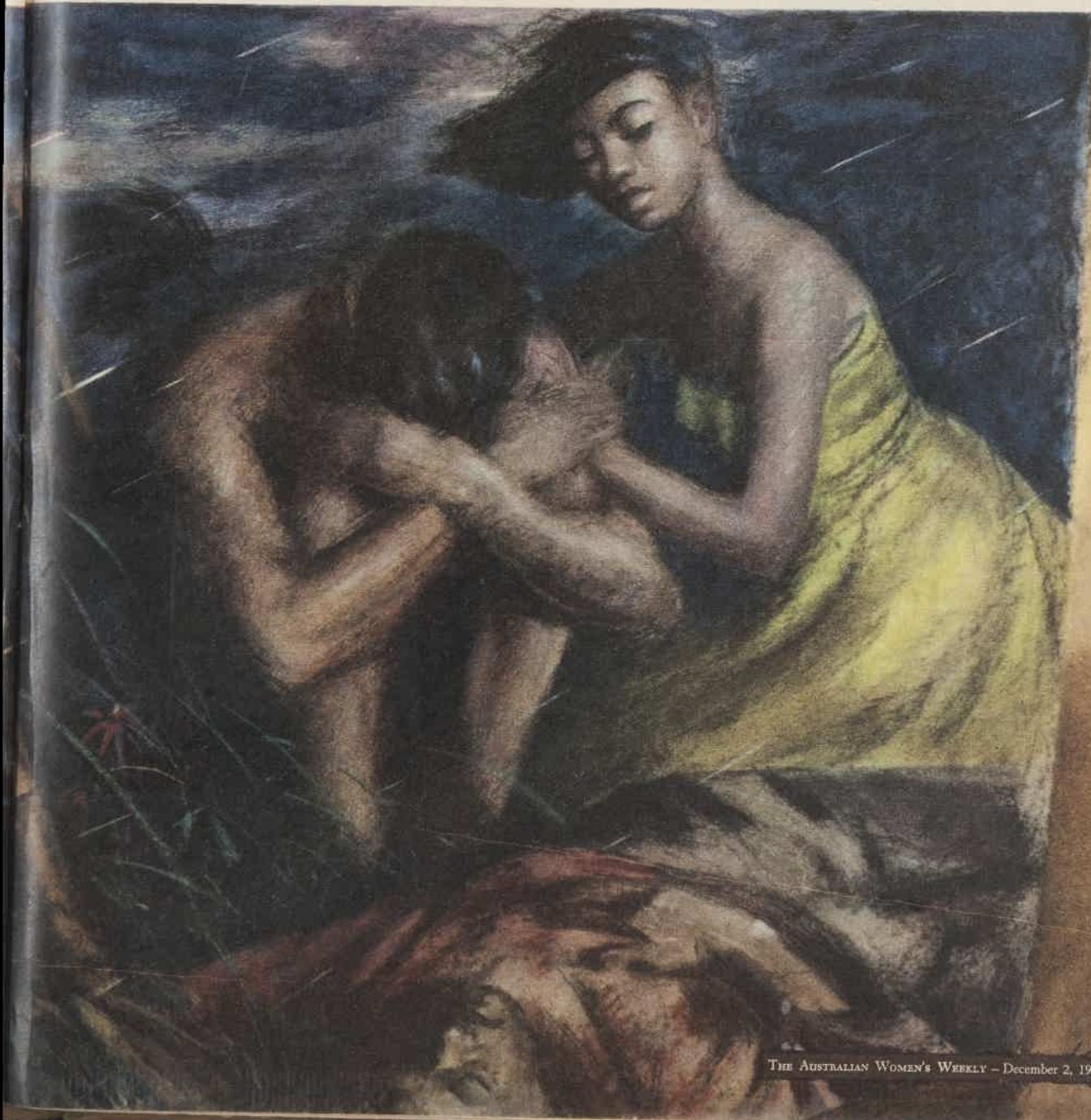
Running to the vine-covered sandbank at the back of the beach, he forced the haft

of the torch into the sand, so that the flame was held upright, jerked off his shorts and tied them to a stump, crossed himself hurriedly, then waded out into the warm, dark water across which the light of his torch struck roily.

If he was not drowned or attacked by some sea thing, he did not know how he could face Therese and tell her that he had not boarded the house.

Far ahead, Timothy's torch gleamed as the old man looked for crawfish. The distance seemed much longer, now that Jean Marco was in the water. And many things could happen. At any moment, the returning wind might change the tepid, oil-smoothness about him to choking vapor in which the strongest swimmer would drown, or he might reach the boat, but the wind be such that he could not win back to shore. Worst, perhaps the torch on the beach might go out and he might not be able to tell where the island was. He tried to keep his mind away from the thought of the sharks which occupied the sea with him.

*Please turn to page 68*





# The "Well dressed look" begins with Merica beneath...

All your summer clothes look lovelier when you wear a Merica brassiere to mould your figure in graceful, glamorous lines. These are the brassieres that never lose their perfect shape, no matter how you wash and wear them.

Buy two—for a change

## CURVA-LINE BRASSIERE

Merica's flattering Curvaline gives you a proud, young uplift and definite "separation." Satin and lace in white or peach, and three personalised cup fittings in all sizes from 30 to 38.

## HI-LINE BRASSIERE

Merica's famous Hi-line—the brassiere that keeps its shape—and yours! Firm "diamond stitching" for alluring figure control. In white, blue or peach satin. Three personalised cup fittings in sizes 30 to 38.

## HI-LINE CORSET

Hi-line corset—with an adjustable waist! Never a bulge at the waist-line with this "diamond stitched" midriff panel! Gives a flattering slimmest to waist, hips and tummy—and the high front gives a smooth line beneath summer frocks, to suit all figure types. Fittings: Long Average, Short Average, Hip Fitting, Short Below Waist.

CREATED BY  
**Merica**

AVAILABLE FROM LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

# Don't Beat Me!

Continued from page 4

LUCY gave the background to the disaster and George and William a vivid play-by-play of the rest. They had to stop every now and then and wait until Mr. Graham finished laughing.

"Mr. Hoyt doesn't have a thing to worry about," he said when the recital was over. "We'll fix everything." He buzzed his secretary. "Helen, tell Ed I said send a photographer up here right away."

"We don't want any more pictures," Lucy said. "We just want the others kept out."

"Forget it. I just want a picture of all of us together. It's very seldom I have such entertaining visitors."

The photographer took a picture of George and William sitting on Mr. Graham's knees and Lucy looking on smiling. It was a rare privilege to be smiling again she found. She was thanking Mr. Graham for the tenth time when suddenly she began fumbling in her purse. "We can't take this now," she said, handing him William's ten-dollar bill.

"Keep it," he said. "Here's a little something to go with it. The boys have put in an awfully hard day's work." He took out his wallet and handed William a twenty-dollar bill. "Oh dear, more money," Lucy chuckled. "Mr. Roger is going to have a fit."

"Just for a while," Mr. Graham said. "He'll get over it." He smiled a most peculiar smile.

When they reached home Lucy laid out their course. "Now I'm going to give you twenty-five cents of this money to show your daddy. Tell him you made it cleaning up for somebody. The rest of it I'm going to turn over to your mama and let her figure out a way to explain it. I just do the cooking around here, not the plotting."

Roger and Mrs. Hoyt came in at 1 a.m. and found a dime, two nickels, and five pennies on their bedroom dresser. Roger was very happy. Mrs. Hoyt thought she was going to cry.

"Well, how are the working men this morning?" Roger asked at breakfast next day. "Nothing like making your first money is there, William? Tell me all about it."

William started to mumble something. It was then that Roger glanced at the four pictures across the front page of the paper. He stiffened. "Lucy!" Roger screamed.

A PLATE crashed in the kitchen. Lucy eased her head through the door.

"Look!"

"Oh, that lying rascal. That low-down, sweet-talking, two-faced snake of a man."

She began moaning out what had happened. But Roger wasn't listening. He was staring at the picture of William sprawled out on the sidewalk, clutching the whisky bottle.

Then he stared at the fourth picture, the one of the grim-faced people giving William money. Then he began reading the story.

"I'll sue 'em!" he roared. "Every lawyer in town will be fighting to take this thing. But I don't want money. I'll ask for the supreme penalty and they'll get it, too. Listen to this. Listen. The little boy wiped the big tears from his eyes with a grubby little fist and sobbed out his story. 'My daddy ran over my bicycle and he won't give me any money to get it fixed. He's going to give me a nickel some cold day in summer, but I can't wait that long. We're collecting bottles so we can make some money. Daddy doesn't know it because he's in the city kicking up his heels.'"

Roger shuddered. "William. Dear, sweet, little William. My own flesh and blood." His voice rose to a shriek. "Why didn't you tell them I fog you, make you sleep with the dog, keep you on bread and water,

put you out to beg, beat your mother? Why didn't you tell them I was trying to run over you when I hit the bicycle?"

He lunged for William, jerked him out of the chair with one hand and made a grab for George with the other. George slid screeching under the table. "You did say it. You did say it."

"Roger, put that child down this instant! What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to teach these young blabber-mouths a lesson, then I'm going to call up that newspaper, then I'm going to wait for the juvenile authorities to come pick me up. Come out from under there, George!"

"Stay under there, George. You put that child down, Roger Hoyt. You asked for enterprise and you got it."

Roger made another grab for George, missed, and hit his head on the table. He reeled into the living-room and slammed William down across his knees.

He had his right hand raised high in the air when a new voice broke in.

"You're right in character, Roger Hoyt!"

It was Mrs. Wright, the next-door neighbor. She had come in through the kitchen. Roger half-masted his hand.

"The story in the 'Times' must have been worse than the 'Star' said it was," Mrs. Wright continued. "Have you seen this morning's 'Star', Roger?"

"No," Roger moaned. "Not the 'Star', too."

The "Star" was the other morning paper, blood enemy of the "Times."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Wright. "Front page, too." She unfolded the paper in her hand and gave it to Roger.

Lucy gasped. "We went to the wrong paper. That's the man I told you about. Look at that lying rascal shaking William's hand."

Roger fought everybody off and stared at the picture. The red around his eyes began receding. The headline on the story beneath the picture said: BOYS WILL BE BOYS AND PAPAS WILL BE D—D. The by-line said: BEN GRAHAM, EDITOR OF THE STAR. His story began:

"A gentleman named Roger Hoyt will hate me for this, but I could not resist the temptation of letting the public see a perfect example of irresponsible journalism." Then he told the whole story.

He made Roger out the wisest of fathers for starting his boys on the right track, he made the man from the "Times" out the most irresponsible of reporters for stopping his investigation where he did, and he said that Lucy's mistake was only natural. When people thought of a newspaper they always thought of the "Star."

What he did not say was that his story was appearing only in the final edition of the "Star." Neither did he say that it had come off the presses an hour later than the "Times'" last edition, so that the "Times" would have no chance to change its version of the story.

Roger put the paper down trying not to smile. He looked in the dining-room and said, "You can come out now, George."

Half an hour later he was backing down the driveway mulling over a libel suit. He did not see the red coaster wagon.

Seconds after he hit it, Mrs. Hoyt called out of the window, "What's happened now, Roger?"

"Oh, nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. Just ran over William's wagon. Tell him to please forget it. I'll bring him a new one tonight."

(Copyright)

# Interesting People



MISS RUTH FRENCH

... danced with Pavlova

ENGLISH ballet instructress Ruth French is visiting Australia to examine nearly 4000 ballet students for the Royal Academy of Dancing. London. Has already visited Canada and will go on to South Africa. Danced with Pavlova's company in Australia in 1929. Returned to this country as an examiner in 1948. Loves our beaches and bushlands. Says of our dancers: "They show tremendous improvement in feeling and understanding for ballet. Ballet has a definite future in Australia. The ideal age to begin is nine or ten."



Maj.-Gen. R. BIERWIRTH

... London post

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN soldier Major-General Rudolph Bierwirth, O.B.E., is new defence representative on Australian High Commissioner's staff in London. Graduated from Duntroon in 1918, has had wide experience in soldiering, including forming 2/33 Battalion in England in 1940. Has been Deputy-Quartermaster of Australian Army for past three years. He is keen tennis player. Hobby is historical research. Wife and daughter Judith will accompany him to England.



MRS. MARGARET WATTS

... helps new Australians

RECENTLY appointed secretary to the New Settlers' League, charming, blue-eyed Mrs. Margaret Watts will help new Australians, both English and European, assimilate our ways. Was Chief Welfare Officer with the Crippled Children's Society of N.S.W. for 17 years. Her experience with U.N. and International Relief Organisations in Europe is great asset in her new work. Main worries of settlers, she says, are housing and language. They also want to learn to cook Australian foods Australian fashion.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 2, 1950



# It's a grand old Christmas custom

Hang up the Mistletoe... trim the Christmas tree... because it's a grand old Christmas custom! Not that you'll need Mistletoe to win kisses and flutter hearts when there are gifts by Cashmere Bouquet. Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives — they all love Cashmere Bouquet's pastel prettiness, its romantic fragrance and charm. And there's not a man born who will not put his "best look" forward when you — and Christmas — bring him a Colgate-Palmolive present.



**G.B.18** Crown her Christmas with Cashmere Bouquet! This fetching Gift Box brings her Beauty Soap, Face Powder and Crown Perfume. **5/6**

**G.B.19** Look this way for an enchanting gift! This pretty box contains Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick and Rouge, Face Powder, Vanishing Cream, and Talcum... in colours for blonde or brunette. **12/6**

**G.B.21** Here's a pleasing gift: six regular-size cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Beauty Soap with the fragrance that men love. **3/6**

**G.B.20** Lovely to have and use: three bath-size cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Beauty soap with the fragrance that men love. **2/6**

**G.B.13** Now's the time for pleasant things, with Cashmere Bouquet Eau de Cologne, large-size Talcum, and Beauty Soap, beautifully boxed. **5/6**

**G.B.15** Give her this attractive Gift Box, containing Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder, Complexion Lotion. **10/6**

**G.B.8** Silky, soothing Talcum, teamed with Beauty Soap. **2/7**



**M.219** A treasure chest that's crammed with gifts: Colgate Dental Cream, Palmolive Shave Stick, Prolex Medicated Toilet Soap, and Palmolive Soap. **2/11**

**M.205** A dapper gift that's sure to please! Colgate Lather Shave Cream and Cashmere Bouquet Brilliantine. **4/6**

**M.202** Gift Case for Men that makes an excellent travel kit, with Colgate Shave Stick and Dental Cream and Cashmere Bouquet Brilliantine. **6/10**



**M.218** "Oh, what a beautiful morning" when he wakes up to this splendid Gift, containing Colgate Shaving Cream, Palmolive After-shave Lotion and Tale for Men, Lustré-Creme Hair Dressing, and Colgate Dental Cream. **12/3**

**M.212** You'll snowball to success when the man on your list receives this Palmolive Gift, containing Shaving Cream and Palmolive Brilliantine. **4/9**

**M.217** A snappy little gift to wish a big happy Christmas, with Palmolive Lather Shaving Cream and two cakes of Palmolive Soap. **2/8**

**M.213** Where's the man who'll say "No" to this handsome Christmas box, with Palmolive Lather Shave Cream and Talcum for Men, Palmolive After Shave Lotion, and Colgate Dental Cream. **10/-**

## Cashmere Bouquet gifts for Her...

## ... and Palmolive gifts for Him





## ... thanks to BOURN-VITA

Active young bodies need rest to replace energy, and maintain health and vigour. A cup of delightful Bourn-vita before bed and youngsters are off almost before their heads touch the pillow — set for the kind of sleep that refreshes—fits them for another busy day.

Bourn-vita is a food as well as a delicious drink. Choc-full of natural goodness — barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and chocolate, it builds health while you sleep. Bourn-vita is your tastiest way to essential vitamins, calcium, phosphorus, iron, and diastase.

Everybody likes  
Bourn-vita  
Delicious either  
hot or cold.



*Cadbury's*  
**BOURN-VITA**  
*For sleep and energy*

**BIG-FRAMED** Phillip is the fairest of the Quads. He has flaxen hair, blue eyes. His weight at 12 weeks was 11lb. 7oz. Birth weight was 5lb. 11oz. Average weekly gain, 73oz.

## Quads flourishing at age of three months

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

It was "mothering-time" the afternoon I arrived at the Sara home in Bellingen. The Quads were lying in their pink and blue cots on a warm, sunny verandah.

I was impressed when I saw what bonny, healthy-looking babies they were, well advanced and kicking vigorously.

**THEY** waved their arms and smiled in response to their mother, Mrs. Betty Sara, and their nurse, Sister Rita Glyde.

Alison almost gives you a wink with her twinkling eyes.

The Quads, who were born on August 17, 18, and 19, are doing well for their age.

Phillip exercises himself vigorously and already tries to lift his head off the pillow.

Soon the Quads will all be able to roll from side to side and change their positions, which will mean more watching for Mrs. Sara and Sister Glyde.

There is always distinct improvement in the development of infants after the age of three months.

At this stage a baby can hold its head up, with shoulders well supported. It can kick, and wave its arms, seem to listen when spoken to, smile in response to a smiling face, and distinguish tones of approval, love, or displeasure.

Young mothers should remember that this is the time when a baby can be over-stimulated. The temptation to talk a lot to a baby who quickly responds is very great.

Every mother knows the work that care of a new baby entails—feeding, bathing, exercising, mothering, and the washing, drying, and airing of clothes and napkins.

Multiply all this four times and it will be seen what a lot of work there is in looking after the Quads.

The problem of napkins alone is a big one. When I was at the Sara

home every line was hung with them. Napkins were airing in every sunny spot.

However, Betty Sara is a stout-hearted and level-headed mother.

She told me that after Geoffrey was born she established a daily routine which at once repaid her with restful nights and a healthy baby.

Now Mrs. Sara and Sister Glyde have a well-planned daily schedule

**● The progress of the Sara Quads is of absorbing interest to every young mother and everyone who loves a baby. We sent our mothercraft expert, Sister Mary Jacob, to Bellingen to write her impressions of the famous babies at the age of three months.**

to minimise work and to establish the Quads in good habits.

The four babies have to be fed at the same time. Separate feeding would take almost all day.

The Quads' bassinets are lined up close together. The babies are put into them with their bottles adjusted so that their drinking can be regulated.

After the 6 p.m. feed the babies are allowed to have their long sleep. They have the night feed about 1.30 or 2 a.m.

This was found to be the most satisfactory arrangement, after experiment. It means that Mrs. Sara and Sister Glyde can go to bed early and have a good sleep before feed-time.

Mrs. Sara is fortunate in having such an efficient and understanding helper as Sister Glyde. Sister Glyde has been with the babies since they left hospital. She has become so attached to them that she says she will feel leaving them very much when the time comes.

Mrs. Sara introduced me to Mrs. Lena Allan, who looks after the house and prepares the meals. Care of the babies is a full-time job for their mother and Sister Glyde.

I later visited the prettily situated Bellingen River District Hospital, where the Quads were born, and chatted with their doctor.

The babies are still under his supervision. He visits them every two or three days to check their weight gains and their condition.

They are weighed every two days, but soon they will need to be weighed only weekly.

The doctor is very pleased with the Quads' progress.

Matron Lusk showed me over the new obstetric block at Bellingen River District Hospital, which is nearly finished. She said it would be a welcome addition to the hospital.

Matron Lusk has succeeded Matron McGrath, who was matron at the hospital when the Quads were born.

**NEVER BORED** with life, Phillip often lies awake and amuses himself. Except when noisily demanding food, he is a very good baby. He is becoming like brother Geoffrey.







**MARK**, the last-born, is a sweet-natured baby. He was in a shocked condition after birth, but soon recovered; has had no setbacks. His birth weight was 3lb. 11oz., weight at 12 weeks was 9lb. 3oz. Average weekly gain, 7 1-3oz. Mark is so placid he is called "the little philosopher" of the family.



**"SLEEPING BEAUTY,"** Judith (above), who would rather sleep than eat, is the only Quad who lost weight after birth. She was 5lb. born, weighed 9lb. 5oz. at 12 weeks. Average weekly gain, 51oz. **BRIGHT AND ALERT,** Alison, the first-born, likes to hold "conversations" with her mother (below). Alison weighed 3lb. 9oz. at birth, 8lb. 10 1/2oz. at 12 weeks. Average weekly gain, 61oz. Alison knows her mother's voice.



## LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!



No matter how expensive they are, ordinary shampoos leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—needs no special rinses. It gives your hair a new silken sheen.

Reveal the natural beauty  
of your hair with **NEW**

# Vaseline

TRADE MARK

## LIQUID SHAMPOO



**NEW "WONDER-FOAM" LATHER**

leaves hair clean—full of sheen

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# Test-cricket fever has broken out once again



**YOUNG FANS** Tony Kennedy and Geoff Simmons. They like to see Englishmen Compton and Washbrook, but they think Australians Miller, Morris, and Lindwall are "real good."

★ First Test Match between England and Australia starts on December 1 in Brisbane. The people on this page, who were watching the M.C.C. play N.S.W. at the Sydney Cricket Ground, are typical of cricket followers all over Australia. Now, those who cannot be in Brisbane to watch will listen to broadcast descriptions of the first of the 1950-51 Tests.

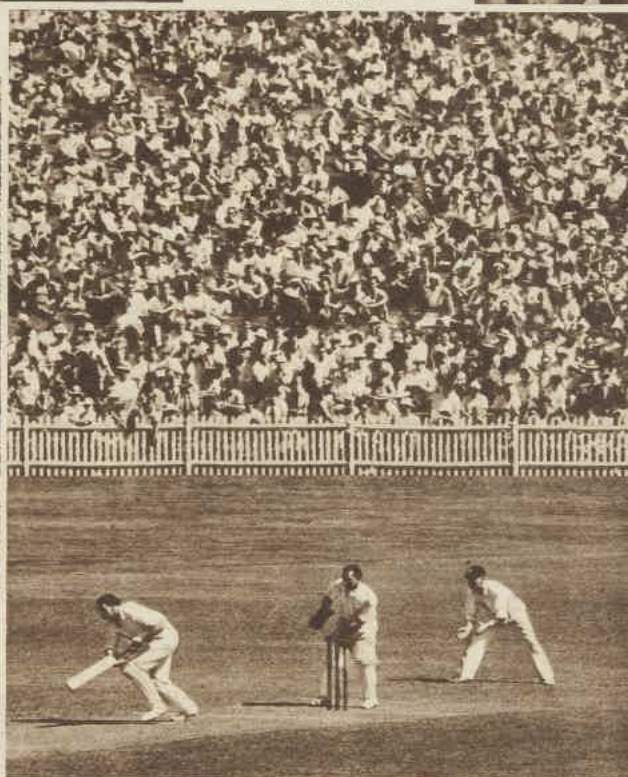
**CROWD** intently watches Keith Miller pile up runs against Englishmen (below).



**OLD-TIMERS** Eric Hotchkiss, 62, Bob Hart, 82, and Percy Arnold, 78, think Australia will win Test series, although "surprises could happen." They recall grace of Victor Trumper's batting.



**ANGUS McLEOD** has followed cricket for "most of my 73 years." He says old-time cricketers like Monty Noble and Clem Hill will "never be matched." He uses lunch-case as head-rest.



**ENGLISH COUPLE** Percy and Gwen Romanis, in Australia only 16 months, could seldom see cricket in England because of business. Englishmen Compton and Evans are their favorites.



**TWOFOLD** purpose of Diane Warner's visit to cricket (left) is to watch the game and collect good suntan. Diane is a keen student of the finer points of bowling and batting. She uses field glasses to obtain a close view of the play.

**BACKYARD** cricketers Dennis Smith and Bevan White, who have a couple of broken windows to their credit, see big cricket with Dennis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reg Smith. Smiths are keen cricket fans, and Reg is former Melbourne junior grade player.



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# Riverside families build road up a precipice

Those who did not help must still clamber the hard way

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Members of a family community settlement at Lugarno, 15 miles south of Sydney, have nearly finished building a road up a 500-foot precipice.

The road will run a quarter of a mile from their homes on an almost inaccessible point on the Georges River to join a public road at the top of the precipice.

NEIGHBORS who were invited 12 months ago to help with the project pooh-pooed it as "impossible."

Now, Grandpa Alf Shortus, head of the roadmaking family, is determined to keep the road private.

"Them as don't help to build it don't walk on it," he said.

"I think it will be a big surprise to everyone," added Grandpa's son Clem Shortus. "It will be a good, well-laid road the neighbors will envy."

The road rises one foot in three, will have cost £500 when it is finished.

It runs across land owned by retired police inspector J. S. Walkom, who has granted a right of way.

At present the only way to reach the Shortus family settlement is by clambering down 230 precipitous steps cut in rock, or by boat across Great Moon Bay.

It is 22 years since Grandpa Shortus "discovered" Great Moon Bay, one of the best fishing spots along the Georges River, where hills run steep and wooded right into the water, and the scenery has a fascinating wildness and beauty.

Grandpa bought a block of land on a craggy bluff, put up a weekender, and scrambled up and down the precipice to his little house as best he could.

He and his wife, Violet, retired to live there 10 years ago. His sons and daughters bought adjoining blocks.

About two years ago son Bram and his wife, Doris, built a cottage there. They hewed out the rock for foundations, even made their own furniture.

Bram, who is a delivery clerk, made his own bath and washbasin of concrete and tiles. Baths and washbasins were almost unobtainable when Bram was building.

Then Doris' brother Les Hobson and wife, Joyce, built a cottage next door. They were followed by Bram's sister Beryl and her husband, Alec Scott.

Material for the houses was sent down the precipice by flying-fox.

Later the men cut the steps in the rock. The women had to trudge up the stairs to shop in Herne Bay or Penshurst, about five miles away.

The Shortus community realised that access by road was imperative when Mrs. Joy Hobson nearly lost her baby making the rough trip up the steps.

They decided to build the road themselves after the Sutherland Shire Council told them that under Shire by-law council could not make a road to a dead-end for so few residents.

They started work on it during the three weeks' holiday break last Christmas, have continued construction every fine Saturday since.

Brother Clem Shortus, who has no vested interest in the job, is "engineer." He is paid 30/- a day for his work.

Friends and relatives often help. Hundreds of sightseers have been to offer advice—and to argue about the work in progress.

"Our road is well known from Hornsby to Wollongong," said Grandpa Shortus. "Some folk visit us regularly to see how we're going."

"We decided to build the road because we think that if you want a thing bad enough the best idea is to do it yourself," he added with a chuckle.

"You can see we are well on the way, and we've done the hardest bit. It's slow going, but we're getting there."

Grandpa Shortus is dynamiter-in-chief. He wears a "roadmaking hat" to protect his head from showering stones.

"It sometimes takes all morning to make the hole for the shot," he said. "We chip it out with an iron and a mallet. But when the blast is successful the lads can prize huge lumps of rock away in no time."

"It will be wonderful when the road is finished and we won't have to climb those terrible steps," said Doris Shortus.

"We can't decide on a name for our road yet. We just call it The Road. There is only one road out here as far as we are concerned."



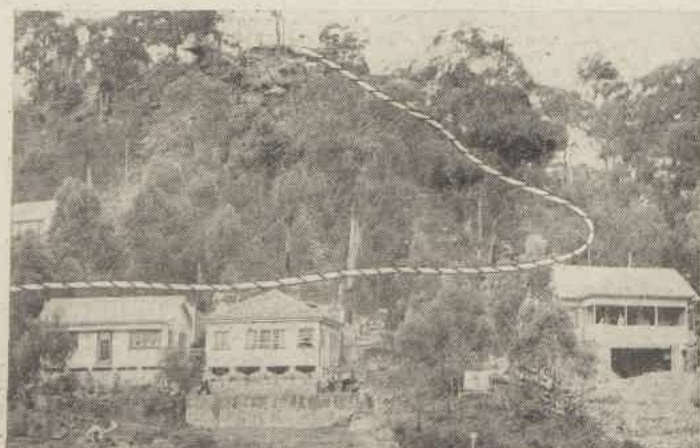
MOTOR MECHANIC Alec Scott (left), engineer Clem Shortus, and cabinet-maker Les Hobson break up a huge sandstone boulder to use as filling on their private road at Lugarno, N.S.W. The men say they enjoy the work because it is a change from their week-day jobs, and "builds up the muscles."



GRANDPA SHORTUS (second from right) leads the roadmaking gang in building up a retaining wall. Finished road will enhance value of properties.



BUS CONDUCTOR Julius Shortus wheels a barrow-load of stone, helped by his brother Bram (left) and Brian Langley, a family friend.



COTTAGES by the Georges River on Great Moon Bay, where the road is being built around the bluff. Route of road is shown by white line. Houses belong to Bram Shortus (left), Les Hobson, and Alec Scott. Julius Shortus hopes to build there soon.



MORNING BREAK for the roadmakers as the women folk bring billies of tea and hot buttered scones up from the river bank. Part of the finished road can be seen in the background. It will have a tarred surface eventually.



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## BOOK REVIEW

by PATRICIA ROLFE

If you think our battered and weary planet was never in worse shape than it is to-day, then "Worlds in Collision," by Professor Immanuel Velikovsky, is recommended reading.

"WORLDS IN COLLISION" is a sunny little story about a straying comet which, according to Dr. Velikovsky, hit our planet in the year 1495 B.C.

This comet, after causing a good deal of trouble, retreated and became the planet Venus.

For 800 years Venus, like a woman, could not make up her mind which way to go, and pursued an erratic course through the heavens, to the constant alarm of our ancestors. In 687 B.C., Mars, like a man, made up her mind for her.

Those of a scientific turn of mind will probably tear their thinning hair out over the book and insist that Dr. Velikovsky is a fake and a charlatan, that the book ignores scientific method and established laws, and is either a fraud or a hoax. So abundant fun is promised to the intellectuals.

Those who, like your riveted reviewer, have a mind untrammelled by scientific knowledge and uncluttered with facts and opinions, can treat "Worlds in Collision" as a splendid piece of escapist reading.

They can enjoy it as fiction, spiced with mystery, or as a first-rate adventure story.

"Worlds in Collision" is not beyond the scope of the average reader. It is written with a minimum of scientific terms.

Dr. Velikovsky seems to believe passionately in his own theory. He says that the collision of Venus with Earth occurred at the time of the Exodus of the Jews from Egypt into the Promised Land.

Earth first came into contact with the tail of the comet, which was composed of dust and gases.

This caused the first plague of Egypt, the red dust, which covered land and sea.

The earth swung higher into the tail of the comet and a stream of meteorites, which are described in Exodus as "hail, and fire mingled with the hail," fell.

As the earth and comet drew closer together, strong hurricanes, tremendous earthquakes, and tidal waves occurred.

Dr. Velikovsky contends that a tidal wave is the explanation of the parting of the waters of the Red Sea for the Israelites to pass through.

As the comet approached the earth, it had the appearance of a gigantic serpent.

After the moment of impact it retreated, and its head became entangled with its tail.

Primitive people thought two separate bodies were engaged in heavenly combat.

This, according to Dr. Velikovsky, is the origin of the legend of the battle between the King of the Gods, Zeus, and the serpent, Typhon (from which we get the word typhoon).

For many years afterwards, Dr. Velikovsky contends, there was total

darkness over the earth, caused by the dust and ashes from the comet's tail and smoke from volcanoes.

When the sun could be seen again it rose in the east, to the astonishment of the peoples of the earth, who expected it to rise in the west, as it had before.

This notion of the reversed polarity of the earth is perhaps the most startling in "Worlds in Collision."

Dr. Velikovsky is not quite sure exactly what happened in 687 B.C.

Either a comet collided with both Mars and Venus, or the two planets hit each other.

This spectacle could easily have been visible from the earth. The story of the conflict between Ares (Mars) and Athene (Venus) is told in the "Iliad."

To reinforce his theories, Dr. Velikovsky does not only refer to the literature of ancient Greece and Rome and to the Old Testament.

The traditions, legends, and histories of the Aztecs, Toltecs, and Mayas of North and Central America, the Incas of Peru, the early North American tribes, Japanese, Polynesians, Maoris, Chinese, Persians, Lapps, Greeks, and Romans are compared.

### VELIKOVSKY'S BACKGROUND

IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY, author of "Worlds in Collision," studied natural science at Edinburgh; law, economics, medicine, and history in Russia; biology in Berlin; and psychoanalysis with Alfred Adler in Vienna.

He practised as a physician in Palestine for some years, and went to the United States in 1939.

was, and a thousand other puzzling incidents in ancient history.

One of the most fascinating facts in Dr. Velikovsky's mine of information is that in 1799 the frozen bodies of mammoths were found in the tundras of north-east Siberia.

The scientists remarked that they "looked as fresh as well-frozen beef" and the sledge dogs ate the flesh unharmed.

This seems a splendid advertisement for long-term quick-freezing.

Some of the most fascinating reading in the book is on the dust-jacket. Victor Gollancz, the English publisher, has made a long statement about the publication of "Worlds in Collision" in America.

The book was originally brought out by the Macmillan Company.

It quickly rose to the top of the non-fiction best-seller list, but caused tremendous annoyance in scientific and academic circles.

Rumors were spread that if Macmillans continued publication of "Worlds in Collision" their textbook division would be boycotted.

Suddenly the publication was transferred to a rival, Doubleday.

All of which seems rather odd. Still, there is nothing like an aura of persecution, the faint odor of burning books, to stimulate sales.

"Worlds in Collision" is published in England by Victor Gollancz. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop.

## Editorial

DECEMBER 2, 1950

## RECURRING NATIONAL DISASTER

IF Australia is not to lose thousands of people annually in road accidents and to have the health and efficiency of thousands more impaired, road users will have to mend their manners.

That old-fashioned phrase can be applied to this modern problem because good manners, generally speaking, are an old-fashioned rarity on the highways to-day.

A revival of them, which would amount to consideration for others, could substantially reduce the accident rate.

The Commonwealth Government is rightly straining every resource to increase the population of the country by bringing in New Australians.

Taken at its lowest valuation, without considering the human tragedies of orphaned children, bereaved parents, husbands, and wives, the shocking loss of life suffered on the roads now is a tremendous drain on vital population.

Certainly there is nothing quite so sobering to the exuberant motorist as the sight of a police car.

But the organisation of more road patrols is only a partial solution, because of the vast distances traversed by Australian highways.

The highway hustler, streaking by on the wrong side of the double line, invites disaster, and disaster often accepts the invitation as statistics grimly show.

He is unconsciously, with other careless or intoxicated drivers—not excepting the irritatingly slow driver—putting himself into a group of dangerous public enemies.

Such drivers have been responsible for the death of 1643 people in Australia in 1949-50, and injury to 31,447.

This peace-time drain on manpower is the more appalling because most of the fatalities could have been avoided.





**HAPPY GROUP.** John Campbell, only son of the W. R. Campbells, of Wahroonga, and his bride, formerly Jacqueline Paradise, only daughter of Mrs. Arthur Mocerley, of Potts Point, and the late Surgeon-Commander W. E. J. Paradise, on the steps of St. Mark's, Darling Point, with attendants Brian Keiman, Deirdre (left) and Katherine Campbell, and Lois Ballieu. Couple motor to Southport for honeymoon.



**BOUND FOR ENGLAND.** Young pastoralist Tony Chisholm, elder son of Mrs. Jim Sargood, of Bond Springs Station, Alice Springs, chats with attractive Judy Marsland on board the *Orcades* before he sailed for a four months' trip to England and America.

## Intimate Gossipings

**THRILL** for Mrs. Victor Maxwell and her daughter Margaret when they attended the autumn "Rout" at Brooks' Club, the 18th century ancient Whig stronghold in St. James Street, London.

For the first time since 1789 women were allowed to enter the club on a formal occasion. Mrs. Maxwell told me that the Queen asked if she might come, which she did, as a private engagement.

"There were no spirits served and although the Goldstream Guards string band played there was no dancing," Mrs. Maxwell wrote.

"The 500 guests drank only champagne and orange juice, and

nobody took a sip until the Queen sampled her glass," she added.

"Chief attractions of interest were the special cut-away desk built to accommodate the portly form of Charles James Fox, famous 18th century statesman; and the noble proportions of what was once London's most notorious gaming salon, the Great Gaming salon and the Great Subscription room, where fortunes were won and lost nightly."



**TENNIS STARS' BALL.** Visiting American tennis champion Dick Savitt (left), Mary Lee Carberry, junior champion of Victoria, Pam Southcombe, and Davis Cup star Ken McGregor at the welcome home ball for interstate players given at the Trocadero by New South Wales Hardcourt Tennis Association.



**HAPPY PAIR.** Jane Rhodes and Paul Pormentier, who have announced their engagement. Jane is eldest daughter of Captain F. Rhodes and Mrs. Rhodes, and Paul is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Pormentier, of Mosman. Captain Rhodes, formerly of Clifton Gardens, was recently appointed secretary to the Governor of Queensland, Sir John Lavarack. Paul is wool buyer, and announcement was made during Brisbane wool sales this month.

**THOSE** of us who run for the ice packs when Sydney turns on a scorcher should try the Arctic Circle for a holiday this Christmas, according to Strathfield girl Helen Sullivan, who is up in the wilds of Abisko, in Swedish Lapland. Helen, who has been in Scandinavia investigating welfare and educational services there, describes this part of the world as "breathtakingly beautiful." An Arts graduate of Sydney University, she sandwiched in some work at London University and a summer course at Oxford while touring the British Isles, and on the Continent studied social services in Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, and Switzerland.

**FIRST** bride of the Boydell clan to be married away from the family chapel at Maitland was the W. J. Boydell's daughter Peg, who wed Don Scott, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Scott, of Strathfield, at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

The tiny chapel was built on the Boydell property, "Allynbrook," in the 1830's, but as most of the young couple's friends are in Sydney, they decided to drop tradition for convenience.

Peg, however, wore century-old family lace veil with her classical white faille bridal gown.



**QUIET WEDDING.** Alex Graf, of Potts Point, and his bride, formerly April Hinder, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Hinder, of Palm Beach, after their wedding at St. Stephen's.



**SIGNING THE REGISTER.** Mick Angus, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Angus, of Warrawee, and his bride, formerly Cae Marr, only daughter of Mrs. C. H. Marr, of Roseville, and the late Mr. Robert Marr, after their marriage at Shore Chapel. Couple will live at Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

**PEARLY-GREY** chiffon scarf exquisitely worked in Australian flowers which Mrs. Fisher, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, received when in Armidale, was the result of many hours of patient stitching by schoolgirls at New England Girls' Grammar School.

The scarf was presented during the garden party in the school grounds, arranged by the diocese of Armidale.

**NEWLYWED** Philip Streets are trekking into the heart of Australia, where a home is waiting for them in Alice Springs.

Philip's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Street, of Double Bay, flew over for the wedding at bride's home town, Port Broughton, South Australia.

Jan is the eldest daughter of the P. Anstruther-Tods.

Anne



**FAMILY WEDDING.** Dr. F. H. Rayward, of Roseville, with his younger daughter, Hilary, and new son-in-law, Wesley Jones, after he had married them at Wesley Chapel. Wesley is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones, of Lindfield.







**MR. B. C. NEWTON-TABRETT** and his wife, Dr. Alice Newton-Tabrett, of Camden, N.S.W., have been in practice as a dentist and doctor respectively for 50 years.

Dr. Newton-Tabrett specialises in diseases of the eye. She established the eye-clinic at the Rachel Forster Hospital, Sydney, and conducted it for 11 years.

Her husband before his marriage was Mr. Newton. They decided to combine their names, as they both intended remaining in practice.

Mr. Newton-Tabrett says that the first N.S.W. Dental Board, established in 1902, registered all those practising or attempting to practise dentistry.

Attempting to practise was only too true. Mr. Newton-Tabrett recalled that he went to a dentist as a lad, and indicated an aching tooth which required extracting.

The dentist had a nice new chair and some nice new instruments.

Three hours later he had broken five teeth and failed to extract any. He refused to let his victim go, and pushed him back into the chair every time he tried to rise until both were exhausted.

"But," Mr. Newton-Tabrett told us, "I still had the strength to refuse to pay the 5/- he demanded."

Mr. Newton-Tabrett decided then that dentistry should be painless.

Dr. Newton-Tabrett gave anaesthetics for her husband, and recalls one patient who, instead of losing consciousness when she administered nitrous oxide—laughing gas—just laughed and laughed.

The couple have three children, all graduates of Sydney University. They are Mr. R. Newton-Tabrett, B.E., Mrs. Z. Tracey, who graduated with honors in Economics, and Dr. Eileen Newton-Tabrett, who was the first daughter of a woman doctor to graduate in Medicine from Sydney University.

At the family party that celebrated their golden wedding recently was Mr. Newton-Tabrett's sister, Mrs. E. Walsh, who was a bridesmaid at the wedding in 1900.

## WORTH REPORTING

### She entrances husbands and pleases wives

**YOUNG** singer Shirley Abicair has worked out a technique of cabaret entertaining without tears — from the wives and fiancées of men patrons.

Shirley, who is the daughter of Wing-Commander and Mrs. A. J. Abicair, of Sydney, formerly worked as a secretary. She is 22.

She made her debut as a stage and cabaret singer earlier this year in Sydney and Brisbane, after having won a radio engagement about two years ago.

She now has a three months' engagement at Claridge's, fashionable Melbourne night-club.

Shirley explains that her catchy little songs in character require her to pretend to flirt a little and at the same time make clear to wives, fiancées, and girl friends that the flirting is not to be taken seriously.

A meaning glance is usually enough. Some wives even signal her to single out their husbands, and watch smugly their spouses' flattered reactions.

Shirley is now studying ballet and French, Italian, and German so that she can interpret faithfully foreign songs, which she particularly likes singing.

She hopes to go to Europe next year, and will sing in a very English accent, taking a line from the books of some top-ranking foreign stars, who sing in English with a strong dash of their mother tongue.

**AN** average of 15,000 people now attend banquets in London every weekday. Hotels are credited with taking £100,000 a week from this source.

The demand began when the five shillings limit on meals was abolished, and continued when hotels found they could cater for larger numbers.

Booking lists reveal a tremendous increase in schoolgirl reunion dinners.



"It's an inexpensive little perfume we've named 'Evening at Home With Hubby'."

### Clergyman's face on playing cards

**A** PACK of playing cards with the face of a clergyman looking out of the ace of spades is to be sent as a gift to the King.

The pack is one of 2000 specially produced by the Worshipful Company of Playing Card Makers, a City of London guild.

For the first time in its history the company is to have a clergyman as its master—the Rev. J. L. Sowdon, Rector of Freckenham, in Suffolk.

"My father was a member of the guild, and it was on his proposal that I was elected in 1917," says Mr. Sowdon.

In addition to being master of the company, Mr. Sowdon looks after three churches. He is also chairman of the Mildenhall Public Health Committee and has been a councillor there for 20 years.

He uses a typewriter for his correspondence, but produces the notes for his sermons on a small printing machine.

The print is braille, for the Rector of Freckenham has been blind from birth.

**WHEN** Diana Wynyard was leaving the Liverpool Repertory, where she had been leading lady for three years, the then stage doctor, well-known William Armstrong, received a note from a young lady anxious to take Miss Wynyard's place.

It read in part: "I see that you will now be needing a new leading lady, so please consider me. I have had no previous training, but once prompted a play at school. Think of the happiness you would have in moulding me to your own design. I could take some elocution lessons from a schoolteacher on Sundays."

Mr. Armstrong told the story in a B.B.C. talk.

### Dugong worried the chef

**MELBOURNE** crocodile hunter Rene Henri and four members of his Croc. Hunting Club reversed the "bring 'em back alive" tradition of big game hunters and brought 'em back to eat.

They packed in ice in Cairns enough meat, fish, and reptile to feed 35 diners.

This was flown to Melbourne, where a French chef cooked turtle, baranundi—the big river fish of the north—venison, crocodile, rich clams, oysters, and crabs. The chef tackled these dishes with aplomb, but the remaining item on the menu, dugong, or sea cow, worried him.

So expedition members gathered in the kitchen and showed him how.

Crocodile tail en casserole was a feature of the menu, which concluded with "càfé noir as Toby" — Toby was their aboriginal guide on the expedition.

### Personality Quiz:

### How's your conscience?

How active is your conscience? Answer these questions, then turn to page 24 for your rating.

- 1—If the grocer gives you too much change, are you able to keep the change by making the excuse, "He's made enough profit out of me anyway?"
- 2—Six months ago you borrowed a book from a friend and it is still sitting in your bookcase. In spite of feeling awkward about returning it, will you do so?
- 3—If you take a day off "sick" to keep some special engagement, is your pleasure marred by the thought that your workmates have extra work to do?
- 4—You're present when a group of friends engages in amusing but malicious gossip about someone you know. If you know their story is a pack of lies, can you sit silently enjoying the gossip?
- 5—Do your meaner deeds or remarks worry you only in the night watches?
- 6—Do you feel uneasy about white lies, yet continue to tell them?
- 7—Having pretended not to notice the plight of someone in distress, are you haunted by the fear of what may have happened to them?
- 8—Thinking over that furious argument you won, you realize that you were really wrong. Does your satisfaction with victory override your impulse to admit the other chap was right?
- 9—You count up and realize it's a year since you visited your aged aunt or invalid friend. Do you thrust the thought to the back of your mind instead of arranging to visit her next week?
- 10—If you find lost money or other valuables, are you satisfied to watch for an advertisement instead of advertising your find?

## THEY TRIED to SHAKE out PAIN!

ARABIAN IN 5th CENTURY THOUGHT TOOTHACHE COULD BE CURED BY PERSON OF OPPOSITE SEX SHAKING THE TOOTH. TODAY ONLY KOLYNOS FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY THESE THREE WAYS:

- 1 KOLYNOS NEUTRALISES MOUTH ACIDS.
- 2 KOLYNOS KILLS THE BACTERIA WHICH CAUSE THESE ACIDS.
- 3 KOLYNOS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

**GLASS WAS TOOTH POWDER!**

IN INDIA, 2000 YEARS AGO, WHITE GLASS MIXED TO A FINE POWDER WAS USED AS A DENTIFRICE. TODAY YOU CAN USE A REALLY REFRESHING DENTAL CREAM—KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR MOUTH FRESH FOR HOURS AND HOURS.

## Dinah Shore — KOLYNOS FAN!

DINAH SHORE, FEATURED ARTIST ON COLUMBIA RECORDS, ALWAYS USES KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS LEAVES EVERY TOOTH IN YOUR HEAD BEAUTIFULLY CLEAN... SPARKLING WITH NEW LUSTRE.

**LUCKY TOOTH BROUGHT BITES!**

GREENLAND FISHERMEN TAKE A TOOTH-SHAPED CHARM CALLED THE "MILK-TOOTH GOD" TO BRING THEM LUCK IN FISHING.

**KOLYNOS goes TWICE as far!**

ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE. KOLYNOS IS HIGHLY CONCENTRATED... HALF AN INCH IS PLenty.

## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

CLEANS BETTER...TASTES BETTER...LASTS LONGER



# Carefree and confident

You're so utterly sure of yourself . . . wonderfully carefree and confident . . . once you discover Kotex. Comfortable Kotex is made in soft folds that actually stay soft. It's designed to protect you, too, with its exclusive "safety centre" that gives you an extra margin of protection. And who can appreciate better than you those flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines? Yes, you can depend upon comfort . . .

with  
Kotex



Make the most of Kotex comfort

by choosing a washable, adjustable, all-elastic Kotex Belt! In three popular styles—Wonderform Belt, pinless type with unbreakable tabs—Wonderform Belt, with safety-pins—and Featherweight Belt.



Back again—Quest Deodorant Powder—3/3

"VIGEE" makes the finest Knitwear in Twin Sets, Cardigans, and Frocks with matching coats . . . so . . .  
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BRISBANE Gretchen Salon, 225 Albert Street.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 704.—HEART-SHAPED BUCHESE SKT  
An attractive design is traced on two small mats and a centre mat of this set. Materials are cream Irish linen, sheer linen and organdie in white, blue, pink, lemon, and green. British cotton in green, blue, lemon, and pink lace to finish not supplied. Linen, 7/6, postage 8/4d. Organdie and cotton, 4/11, postage 8/4d.

No. 705.—BOY'S SUIT  
Dietin two-piece suit for the growing lad, cut out ready to make in good quality British headcloth to natural, blue, green, and white. The pocket mitt is traced ready to embroider. Prices: Length, 18in., 3yrs., 2/11, postage 10/4d. Length, 20in., 3yrs., 2/9, postage 10/4d. Length, 22in., 4yrs., 2/8, postage 10/4d. Length, 24in., 5-6yrs., 2/6, postage 10/4d.

No. 706.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK AND PANTIES  
Pretty little girl's frock with matching panties, cut out ready to make in nursery pattern British cotton with a small floral design on pink, blue, green, and white grounds. Prices: Length, 18in., 2yrs., 2/11, postage 10/4d. Length, 20in., 3yrs., 2/9, postage 10/4d. Length, 22in., 4yrs., 2/8, postage 10/4d. Length, 24in., 5-6yrs., 2/6, postage 10/4d. Length, 26in., 7-8yrs., 2/4, postage 10/4d. Length, 28in., 9-10yrs., 2/2, postage 10/4d.

No. 707.—FOUR-PIECE LAYETTE  
Layette for a tiny babe, cut out ready to make and traced ready to embroider. The material is a lovely rayon crepe-de-chine in white, sage blue, and pink. Look to finish not supplied. Prices: Frocks, 12/11, postage 11/4d. Petticoats, 10/11, postage 10/4d. Coat, 16/9, postage 1/3. Pushers, 1/2, postage 4/4d. Complete set, 48/2, postage 2/6.

No. 708.—BLOUSE AND SKIRT  
An ideal two-piece for summer days is cut out ready to make. The front-buttoning skirt is in striped cotton balbracid in pink and white, sage-blue and white, green and white, and red and white. The bodice blouse is in white. Prices: Skirt 24in.-26in., waist, 11/6, 30-32in., waist, 11/9. Blouse, 22-24in. bust, 17/11, 34-36in. bust, 18/11. Postage 1/4 for each garment.

• TO ORDER: Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 77.

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"AVA."—Blouse. A smart collarless, front buttoning, and short sleeves are features of this blouse. Obtainable in pale blue, pink, or white rayon crepe-de-chine. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 18/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 17/11. Postage 1/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 24/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 25/3. Postage 1/6 extra.  
"TERRY."—Skirt. This well-styled skirt of rayon linen comes in green, sage-blue, red, or navy. Ready To Wear: Sizes 24in., 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 42/11. Postage 1/9 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 38/9. Postage 1/9 extra.  
"LELIA."—Skirt. A smart, wearable skirt in sturdy seersucker cotton. Color choice includes sage-blue, mid-green, royal-blue, and navy. Ready To Wear: Sizes 24in., 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 29/11. Postage 1/9 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 17/4. Postage 1/9 extra.  
"EFFIE."—Maternity frock. Lovely spotted spun makes this easy-to-wear style made for extra waist expansion. Colors are green, sage-blue, and navy, with white spots. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 77/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 70/9. Postage 2/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 58/2; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/11. Postage 2/6 extra.

• NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions cut out more than 6/11 are sent by registered post.



## HOME MOVIES



Use your "EVEREADY" flashlight for looking at baby.



"EVEREADY" for putting the milk jug out.



"EVEREADY" for checking on noises in the yard.



EVEREADY  
Brand  
FLASHLIGHTS  
BATTERIES  
AND  
BULBS





"But here's the difference. Where the book says butter, I use . . ."



"Around this side, Slug. I done a little shoppin' while you was in the bank."

## It seems to me . . .

**THIS** year's rainfall in Sydney has eclipsed the record made in 1860.

This year has been one to make a woman feel that she was a fool to spend money on clothing other than raincoats and gumboots.

I bought an umbrella—the first since I lost the last of a long line of pre-war umbrellas in 1940. The last one cost 6/11—but it was weather I was talking about, not prices, the other staple of modern conversation.

There is a common human satisfaction in records of weather. It compensates in some obscure way for the discomfort to know that a day, week, month, or year has been hotter, wetter, colder, or drier than other days, weeks, months, or years.

So, damp and blue-mouldy as we are, we are somewhat cheered by the record.



Dorothy Drain

**THE** French National Assembly recently refused, by 480 votes to 98, to free 94-year-old Marshal Petain, serving a life sentence for collaborating with the Germans.

Surely bitterness could be modified in the face of such great age. So old a man can hardly do any further harm on this earth.

Besides, since enemies of the last war look like being allies in the next one, it seems rather unrealistic to be so implacable.

**LETTERS** to "The Times" are justly celebrated for flavor unsurpassed by any other correspondence.

The best known are those which compete for the hearing of the first cuckoo, but I found one in a recent issue that has a charm all its own. Here it is, in full:—  
"To the Editor of The Times."

"Sir,—Surely Miss Ruth Taylor would have done well to wait till Saturday. She could then have reached Cambridge by the train leaving Lowestoft at 7.30, and taken the 11.18 on to Bletchley. The 1.15 from Bletchley would have put her down at Bilsen at 1.43, and from Bilsen she could have travelled direct to Stratford by way of Moreton Pinkney and Fenny Compton, one of the most peaceful reaches on the British Railways system. Her train would have got there at 3.22, without ever touching Birmingham. Birmingham, indeed!

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully, R. A. Knox, The Manor House, Mellis, Frome."

Delightful Miss Ruth Taylor and Mr. Knox! It takes more than a change in the social system to change the face of England.

**THE** growing fashion for calling one room in a house the "rumpus-room" always conjures up a picture of adults playing Blind Man's Buff or Postman's Knock.

Fashions in names for rooms change and the one subject to most changes is the one-time drawing-room, variously calling a living-room or lounge-room to-day.

Lounge-room is a fancy and inaccurate description. Living-room is hardly more accurate, since much more time is spent in kitchen, dining-room, and bedroom.

Sitting-room, though hopelessly old fashioned, seems a much plainer description of the room's purpose, and parlor, derived from the French meaning a room for talking, was a sensible name until the radio outmoded conversation.

But of course, who am I to criticise names for rooms. I always call the one I live in my "flat."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 2, 1950

**BACK** in the early nineteen-twenties Lieut. George Muhlhäuser sailed round the world in the yawl Amaryllis. When he died in 1924 he willed the ship to the Royal Navy on the condition that when it had no further use for her she was to be sunk.

The yawl was used as a training ship for cadets of the Royal Naval College, at Dartmouth, England.

Now she is outdated, the College has enough modern yachts, and the terms of the will are to be carried out.

On Sydney Harbor there's a once-beautiful yacht which has been in need of paint these many years. Its original owner often said that he loved his boat so much he'd like it scuttled when he died. But he didn't mention that in his will. The yacht was sold to an owner who didn't give it the same loving care, and members of one sailing crew I know always raise their caps when they pass her.

To the mercenary reminder that a yacht is worth a lot of money and beneficiaries under a will can't be blamed for realising on it, these sailors merely reply with a sad, shocked stare.

**THERE'S** a realistic touch in a canteen of cutlery for two advertised by a jewellery shop. It's called a "Starter Set" and the owners can add to it with single pieces.

This is a natural result of ever-increasing prices. Canteens of cutlery were once the standard office presentation for prospective brides and bridegrooms. In recent years the old-fashioned set of a dozen has been replaced by half-dozen, but even these have been possible only when the collector is a terrier type who lies in wait for pay queues.

It might be a good idea to supply with the new, small sets reminder cards to be mailed to friends before Christmas and birthdays, reading:—"A fork, knife, or spoon would be welcomed as a gift. The sooner these are forthcoming, the sooner you will be invited to dinner."

**NOMINATED** as one of the most tiresome pieces of jargon in current use—"underprivileged" for "poor."

**THE** B.B.C. Controller of Television Programmes says that television audiences are far more violent in their reactions than sound radio audiences. When they don't like a show they ring the studio and complain bitterly.

Your television viewer is a violent sort of chap. From a million peaceful homes his rumble's heard, And he rushes to the telephone with bitter words and barbed.

Shouting "Rubbish!" "Nonsense!" "Outrage!" and "Absurd!"

Yet he seldom throws tomatoes or reaches for an egg When seeing real performers on the stage.

So what is it that rouses him when "viewing" from his chair

To such an unexampled pitch of rage? There must be some dark reason for this new and trying quirk.

Some psychic thing that isn't understood. Of course, I hate to mention it, but have the passing thought,

It's possible the shoes aren't any good.

To satisfy hunger..



A mouthful makes you deliciously hungry.. a plateful leaves you richly satisfied. That's Heinz Macaroni in Meat Sauce.. smooth, nourishing macaroni.. rich, thick, meaty beef sauce.. a wonderful meal ready to serve.

Your family will say, "This looks good."

They'll say, "Um . . . super! Let's have this often!" And you'll smile. Because a meal your family likes . . . satisfying and strengthening . . . ready to heat and serve . . . is a treasure to a Mother.

Be sure you try Heinz Macaroni in Meat Sauce . . . your grocer has it now!



h1013x





*Famous...*

**for the time  
and the company  
they keep**

Throughout the world, Tisnot non-magnetic watches have the same high reputation of beauty and accuracy. Jewellers in every country recommend Tisnot watches to discerning buyers for the unvarying technical perfection that comes from three centuries of watch-making experience. Only in Switzerland could a watch be made as wonderful as a Tisnot.

ILLUSTRATED are a Tisnot Ladies' Watch, No. 86268, and a Tisnot Wristlet Watch for men, No. 86227, with sweep second hand.

A range of styles for both men and women are displayed by your Tisnot Jeweller.



**Tisnot**  
SWISS WATCHES

SOLD AND SERVICED BY FINE  
JEWELLERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

SINCE 1853  
F. FALK & CO. LTD.  
MELBOURNE



**Don't wait**

until summer is nearly over,  
and swelter day and night

**INSULATE**  
your home NOW with  
**B.I. SLAGWOOL**

No house, home, office or building is modern and entirely healthy unless it is insulated—preferably with B.I. SLAGWOOL.



## TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ Task Force

**W**ARNERS' celluloid history of the development of naval aircraft and aircraft-carriers as an important arm of the U.S. Navy is an expansive production that is put across with considerable drive.

The film is given extra punch by including spectacular photography of combat scenes from the Pacific theatre of World War II.

On the fiction side the film has a larding of unemotional material that falls short in human appeal but is handled in a dignified manner.

In flashback form the story is told of an air-minded Naval Air Force officer, Captain Scott, whose confidence in the potentialities of aircraft carriers and carrier-based planes brings him into strife with isolationist senators and ageing admirals.

Veteran Gary Cooper gives a thoughtful and natural reading of the Scott character.

The spade work done by Scott and a group of colleagues is frustrating and unrewarding until the outbreak of war, when they actively prove their contention to be valid.

A smattering of romantic interest is included in the dramatic fiction in which personable Jane Wyatt convincingly portrays Scott's loyal wife.

In Sydney—Plaza.

### ★★ Our Very Own

**S**AMUEL GOLDWYN'S new film is one of those hearts and flowers affairs that will leave the girls in tears and the boys tearing their hair.

Carefully fashioned for sentiment and box-office, and glossily presented, "Our Very Own" makes the most of the talents of a wholesome, well-mannered team of performers who manage to be thoroughly appealing.

Prefaced by some engaging youthful exuberance, the big moment in the plot comes when Ann Blyth's Gail, a sweet co-ed and cherished older daughter of Jane Wyatt and Donald Cook, stumbles on the truth that she is their foster-child.

The first time Joan Evans, the younger sister, sides up to Gail's well set-up boy friend, Farley Granger, and coos at him, you know she is sure to wreck family tranquillity.

Gail takes the whole thing badly. Even allowing for the fact that the script cannot permit her to grow up too smartly, she might have put childish things behind her before breaking with her family, quarrelling with her sweetheart (especially with Miss Evans waiting to catch him on the rebound), and seeking out her own brassy mother (Ann Dvorak), now living on the other side of the tracks with an uncouth husband.

At the film's end all the pieces fall into the right places and there is a stirring sequence at high school graduation, in which Miss Blyth publicly testifies for family felicity.

In Sydney—Century.

### CONSCIENCE QUIZ

ANSWERS to quiz published page 21: 1, No. 2, Yes. 3, Yes. 4, No. 5, Yes. 6, No. 7, Yes. 8, Yes. 9, No. 10, No.

10-7: You're no saint. But you'll do.

6-4: You are full of good intentions, but your conscience does not prick hard enough to spur you to act.

Under 4: Perhaps you sleep well at night, quite self-satisfied and unworried by conscience. Perhaps you don't, feeling that it's too late to do anything now. It isn't!

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average

### ★ Love Happy

**U**NITED ARTISTS' "Love Happy" is a zany burlesque on mystery films in general and film detectives in particular, put over in traditional whizz-bang-crash Marx manner.

Narrated by an infallible private-eye detective (Groucho Marx), the story tells of a million-dollar necklace smuggled into the country in a tin of sardines.

The jewels accidentally fall into the hands of Harpo Marx, who promptly gives them to a young dancer.

Smugglers pick up the trail and follow hotly in pursuit with Groucho, the private eye, close behind. Everything is cleared up in a fiasco finale.

More concentration on Groucho and the burlesque rather than Harpo and long-winded antics would have increased the pace and sparkle of the comedy.

Despite the talents of Vera-Ellen and Marion Hutton the film leaves something to be desired musically. The dance routines are not well conceived and the melodies could be catchier.

Hona Massey turns in some well-sustained satire as a smuggler. Competent support also comes from Melville Cooper and Raymond Burr.

In Sydney—Esquire.

### ★ Reign of Terror

**F**ILMGOERS who dote on sabres, sadism, and sinister historical villains will find all abundantly provided in Walter Wanger's romantic melodrama of the French Revolution, "Reign of Terror."

It's old stuff that has been given workmanlike treatment with picturesque results.

Robert Cummings, as the hero, plays a French Pimpelnel-like patriot who ingratiates himself with Robespierre (Richard Basehart) in order to upset that gentleman's plans to establish himself as a dictator instead of furthering the interests of the Republic for which the French people fought.

The masquerader is quickly engulfed in the cross-currents of political intrigue soon after renewing acquaintance with the femme fatale of the plot, Arlene Dahl.

Sparks fly, heads roll, the angry rabble roars regularly while a series of cloak-and-dagger escapades smooths out topsy-turvy chaos.

It may be insular to feel that complete absence of the inflexions of the country is a drawback to a film of this period, place, and subject matter, but it does come as a shock when, for example, Richard Basehart's Robespierre says something is "Just for the REC-ord."

In Sydney—Victory.

### ON OTHER PAGES

Annie Get Your Gun Page 49  
Golden Salamander Page 50  
Justice is Done Page 53

**SAVE MONEY!  
BUY THE NEW  
LARGE SIZE**



Large Size: 80 Pills 2/6

Standard Size: 40 Pills 1/6

Many thousands of letters received bear witness to relief from constipation, biliousness, digestive, stomach, and liver disorders by using

**DR. MORSE'S**  
INDIAN ROOT  
PILLS



**Who says a  
suntan takes time?**

With Nyal KWIK TAN, anyone can have a smooth, even tan in next to no time. Always apply KWIK TAN before sunbathing—it contains a scientific sun screen which filters the sun's rays, promoting a really good tan. For those unlucky enough to be burnt beforehand, its mild anesthetic action helps to bring soothing relief. Choose between Oil or Cream—both are easy to apply. Either will give you the best tan you've ever had.

OIL, 2/6 CREAM, 2/6  
**KWIK TAN**  
Sold only by Chemists

**Holds My  
FALSE TEETH  
Tighter and Longer**

I've tried several kinds of powders to hold my false teeth. When I tried FASTEETH I found the one powder that does not thin out and wash away, but "stays put" all day. I can eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of false teeth dropping or slipping. It gives a most pleasant feeling, a real sense of security. Breath always pleasant. If anyone with loose-fitting false teeth wants all-day comfort and real stay-there fit, get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.





#### MICHEL ROUGE

is of rare quality giving a natural colouring. Cyclamen, Pink Spice, Raspberry.



#### MICHEL MASCARA

Black or Brown to enhance the brilliance of your eyes.



#### MICHEL HAND LOTION

with lovely pearl texture makes hands appealingly feminine.



#### MICHEL CAKE MAKE-UP

Easy to apply, waterproof and 'Stays on longer' indoors or out. Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan.



#### MICHEL CREAM MAKE-UP

is waterproof and designed for both day and night wear. Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan.



#### MICHEL FACE POWDER

of superlatively fine texture and covering power. It really 'Stays on Longer'. Peche, Rachel, Rose Beige, Rose Natural, Sun Tan, Tropic.

## 7 GLAMOROUS MICHEL COSMETICS

... to make you LOVELIER to-morrow and always

You can be more glamorous ... and so quickly too ... with these delightful cosmetics of finest quality created by the world-renowned cosmetic experts who gave you Michel "Your Favourite Lipstick". Designed in perfect harmony with each other Michel Cosmetics are perfumed with the exclusive lingering fragrance you know and love in Michel Lipstick.

Ask for Michel Cosmetics at your Chemist's TO-DAY ... and be lovelier TO-MORROW!

*Michel*  
COSMETICS



MICHEL LIPSTICK in Shades of Amapola, Blonde, Cherry, Cyclamen, Mariposa, Pink Spice, Raspberry, Scarlet, Vivid.

'Stay on Longer'





Fastidious women are saying:

**"The best deodorant I've ever used!"**



Press the rubber cap for a jet of SNO-MIST Powder where you want it. Sprays on—stays on.

Here, as in England and America, women are finding Sno-Mist the ideal deodorant. Applied in 10 seconds direct from the "puffer-pack," Sno-Mist stops odour instantly—and gives day-long protection.

Non-irritant to skin—harmless to clothes. Economical in use, too—hundreds of puffs in every pack. Be sure of personal freshness all day, every day—with



Price 3/9

**SNO-MIST**  
POWDER DEODORANT

SNO-10-16

**BACKACHE?**  
**DO AS I DID!**



In my case, getting rid of nagging and pleasure-spoiling backache was surprisingly simple. I tackled the trouble right at the root cause—the kidneys.

Not everybody realises the fact that tired and sluggish kidneys can be the cause of most of those back-breaking pains and creaking joints. Yes! if these vital organs fail in their task of filtering and expelling waste matter from the body, you can expect suffering. So, immediately you suspect tired kidneys, do as I did, turn to the world-famous medicine made specially to relieve this trouble—De Witt's Pills.

The glowing tributes that fill our files show that thousands of grateful users have found this to be true. De Witt's Pills act directly and quickly upon the kidneys, cleansing them and toning them up to their task of expelling the harmful impurities that are causing the discomfort and distress.

So get a supply of De Witt's Pills now and tackle your trouble right away. For economy's sake, buy the 6/6 size which contains two and a half times the quantity contained in the 3/6 size.

**DE WITT'S PILLS**  
For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

## MORRIS: Poet and painter . . .

● William Morris came up from the cellar, his face beaming, his hands clutching bottles of wine, with more bottles tucked under his arms. His friends were gathered at his home for the week-end, and he liked that best in all the world.

HE smiled happily round his drawing-room, that glowed with rich, subdued color like an old, illuminated manuscript.

His eyes lingered on his wife, surely the most beautiful woman in England, tall, dark, silent, and stately. She was listening to poet-painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti, sprawled beside her in a great oak chair.

His best and best-loved friend, Ned, was there, too—Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, and wife, Georgie, along with the de Morgans and Swinburne, who would have to sleep on the sofa.

"Dunno where you'll sleep, Faulkner," said Morris to another friend, putting the bottles down, "probably on the floor."

Burne-Jones looked up at Morris from the sketch he was making of him. What an extraordinary man Morris was, he thought, with the gift of making you feel it was good to be alive and in the same room with him.

Morris was a poet, but poetry was for him simply one of the things he made. He gave as much of himself to it as he possibly could, but no more and no less than he gave to designing printed cottons, or learning Icelandic, or translating Homer, or painting, or composing Socialist songs, or speaking at street corners, or addressing the unemployed from the tops of cinder-heaps in Glasgow, or editing his newspaper, *Commonweal*.

He looked like a splendid Viking who had strayed by accident into the 19th century. He was an aristocrat who worked harder than a navvy, but was never in a hurry. He was often rude, but never condescending, and he united the wisdom and clear-sightedness of a sage with the simplicity and guilelessness of a child.

Morris and Ned Burne-Jones had been students together at Oxford, and fine old times they had had, arguing about Art, and Ruskin, and Carlyle, and Tennyson's poetry, and planning a crusade to reintroduce the romance and beauty of the Middle Ages to the lives of common men.

They had christened him Topsy at Oxford because of his unruly mop of hair.

Ned could remember the first poem Topsy had written then (what a fool he'd been to destroy it!), and how excited they had all been when he had read it to them in his gruff, sing-song voice, with his hands fidgeting, and his weight shifting from one foot to the other like an elephant.

"Well, if that's poetry," he had growled in answer to their chorus of admiration, "it's very easy to write."

Burne-Jones sighed, leaned back, and watched his friend handing round glasses. Morris' hair was untidier than ever. He hated looking

in mirrors, and refused to have one where he could see it.

Why did everything come so easily to Topsy—poetry, knowledge, art, the joy of life itself? "Master of himself, and, therefore, master of all the world," thought Ned. Morris, of course, had always had money, and a carefree childhood did a lot for a man . . .

Morris had indeed enjoyed his childhood. He loved the house where he was born on March 24, 1834—Elm House at Walthamstow. He loved even more the great mansion near the Epping Forest to which his family had moved when he was six.

Best of all, perhaps, he loved the Water House, back at Walthamstow, where the family moved after Morris, sen., a wealthy discount broker, died.

Water House had a moat to swim in, with an island in the centre, and he longed for home all through the term at Marlborough College.

School was a torture to him mainly because he had to sit still in class. He kept his nerves under control and his hands busy by working at a piece of netting under the



WILLIAM MORRIS, whose fame as a poet was clouded in his own day by his spectacular success as an artist and decorator. His "The Defence of Guenevere" has since been adjudged "one of the pearls of Victorian poetry."

They resolved to be revolutionary artists, to put art back on the road from which it had strayed after the 13th century. They would wake it from the "cataleptic sleep" into which it had fallen at the Renaissance, and make it once more living and dynamic, part of the common life of common men.

So they went to London, Burne-Jones to start painting, and Morris to apprentice himself to an architect.

They both fell under the spell of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who contributed to Morris' "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine." Rossetti divided men into two classes—those who painted pictures and those who bought them. But Morris, he thought, might be the exception who would belong to both categories.

Under Rossetti's persuasions, Morris dropped architecture and devoted himself exclusively to painting.

His mother thought him unstable and irresponsible, and said that his income of £900 a year was too much money for a young man.

She was wrong, for rarely has a life been more strongly integrated by a single purpose than his. Morris was merely groping for ways to express an artistic ideal.

Meanwhile, he roomed with Burne-Jones in Red Lion Square. They were looked after by an incredible housemaid named Red Lion Mary, and they filled the flat with monstrous, medieval furniture. They had to have it made, and things seemed to go wrong with the measurements.

Presently Rossetti called them off on a jaunt to Oxford to help paint pictures on the walls of the Union Debating Hall.

Continued on page 28

## POETS in PRIVATE

desk. By the time he left Marlborough he had read most of the books on history and archaeology in the school library.

Morris liked the look of Oxford when he went there, finding it grey, medieval, and romantic, full of the sound of bells. But the teaching was "dead stuff," and the University had nothing to give him but his friends.

In later life Morris said that the only money he ever regretted having spent was the £10 fee for his M.A. degree.

Morris and Burne-Jones had meant to enter the ministry, but the call of art, fostered in vacation visits to English and Continental churches, was too strong.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS





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Here is just one of many glorious Patolaine matching sets. It's  
an exquisite three-piece... nightie, slip and panties.

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a trousseau-perfect selection from which to choose exactly the  
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you an exciting choice.



THERE'S A GLORIOUS SELECTION TO CHOOSE FROM AT ALL GOOD STORES.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 2, 1950

Page 27



# Who is a brand-switcher?

NOT ME  
NOT ANYMORE



...NOT SINCE I'VE FOUND  
**CUTEX POLISH**

CUTEX really does a job. It goes on smoothly  
—and it stays on. In short, it's definitely resistant  
to chipping and peeling.

The sparkling beauty of  
CUTEX has won thousands  
of faithful users because they  
know that Cutex looks smarter,  
lasts longer, chips less.  
CUTEX is pure. Which  
simply means that it  
cannot harm the most  
sensitive nails or skin.  
...and CUTEX comes in  
such glorious colors! You  
can pick a CUTEX color to  
go with each and every out-  
fit — flatter your par-  
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CUTEX Polish  
Polish Remover  
Cuticle Oil  
Cuticle Cream



Cuticle Remover  
Polish Foundation  
Overcoat  
Hand Cream

# CUTEX

*stays lovelier longer,  
resists chipping flaking and peeling*

## WILLIAM MORRIS...

*Continued from page 26*

THE paintings were put on damp surfaces over a coat of plain distemper. They glowed like jewels for six months, then began to flake and fade—but it was fun painting them.

While at Oxford Rossetti and Morris discovered a local girl, the beautiful Jane Burden. Rossetti fell in love with her first, but, since he was already committed, he confined his attentions to painting her.

Morris found it easy enough to conceive a passion for the lovely Jane. What bothered him was painting her. He tried, only to fling down his brush in a fury and scribble on the back of the portrait: "I cannot paint you, but I love you!"

They were married a month after his twenty-fifth birthday in 1859, and after six weeks' honeymoon on the Continent returned to London to plan a house for themselves.

"I don't want a square box with a lid on," Morris growled to his architect. In the process of getting what he wanted he started a far-reaching revolution in domestic architecture.

This house at Upton was known as the Red House, because it was built of red brick and roofed with red tiles, in defiance of the grey sea of slate and stucco that covered the surface of England at the time.

In planning the furnishings Morris discovered his mission in life. For in the England of his day he found it impossible to buy a single household article that was beautiful as well as useful, or a piece of well-designed fabric dyed in pleasant colors that would not fade.

He decided there was nothing to do but declare war on stuffed horsehair, Berlin woolwork, and bead mats, and design and make household articles worth having.

Thus was born Morris and Company, manufacturers, who revolutionised the domestic arts in England and revived the delight in craftsman's hip and fine quality that had disappeared in the Industrial Revolution.

There was no part of the work which Morris did not learn to carry out with his own hands.

He experimented with fast dyes, rediscovered ancient colors and invented new ones, learned weaving and tapestry work. He even kept a loom in his bedroom. He designed chintzes, brocades, and wallpapers, and the firm produced glassware, pottery, and carpets.

Morris became skilled at illuminating manuscripts, learned to make paper for fine books, and invented several new and elegant types for their printing.

He found time in his incredibly busy life to write vast quantities of poetry, from the exquisite lyrics of *The Defence of Guenevere* to the wonderful collection of tales that comprise *The Earthly Paradise*.

"If a chap can't compose an epic poem while he's weaving a piece of tapestry, he'd better shut up," he said. "He'll never do any good."

The Red House came to an end. It was—of all things—unhealthily situated.

The demands of business drove Morris back to London, but later he acquired Kelmscott Manor, near Lechlade, in Oxfordshire, where he set up the famous Kelmscott Press and breathed new life into English book production.

Meanwhile he had become something of a legend. There was the peppery-tempered Morris who kicked out door-panels in a rage or bit his fork from vexation at a dinner-party.

He scandalised passers-by in an Edinburgh street by swearing at the top of his voice about some piece of architectural desecration, and had the alarming habit of pulling hairs out of his moustache and muttering: "Damfool! damfool!" at the fatuous statements of a public speaker.

He cared nothing for convention, and customarily strode about London in a blue shirt without hat or tie. But he kept a top hat solely to wear at directors' meetings. When at last he resigned from the board, he solemnly and ceremoniously sat on the hat.

"Can't go about London in a top hat; it looks so devilish odd," he said, in a London thick with toppers.

There was the Morris who bought a teacup the size of a pudding-bowl when his doctor forbade him to drink more than one cup, and who, in one of his perverse moods, besought the women of his day not to allow themselves to be upholstered like armchairs. "Women know nothing about dress or cooking," he declared.

Most impressive of all was the Morris that Bernard Shaw knew, the Morris of the prose romances, political essays, and talks on art.

Shaw, who fell in love with Morris' younger daughter, May, was one of the few to appreciate his true value as a political and historical thinker.

At the procession of unemployed through Trafalgar Square on Bloody Sunday, November 13, 1887, Morris marched at the head, with Shaw and Annie Besant side by side half-way down the column.

Yet though Morris called himself a Socialist, spent a great deal of money on Socialism, and wore himself out in its cause, he would have had little in common with the Socialism that has developed since his day.

His Socialism was tinged by "passionate enthusiasm for an inaccessible artistic ideal."

He had no time for violence, State Socialism, or parliamentary reform.

He held that society could be changed only by changing people's minds, and that the only means towards this end was education.

His kind of society was one in which men could work at peace for the sake of pleasure in the work itself. No other work was worth doing, but was merely "toiling to live, in order to live to toil."

Shaw has given a rare glimpse of Mrs. Morris, "the silentest of women." She was distressed when Shaw refused meat at dinner, and pressed a second helping of pudding on him, saying: "That will do you good, there's suet in it." These, Shaw declared, were the only words she ever spoke to him.

Morris' health declined in the 'nineties. The highlight of his long illness was a visit from Oscar Wilde.

He died on October 3, 1896, and was buried three days later in the churchyard at Kelmscott. His simple coffin was carried on a yellow farm-cart with bright red wheels, and workmen, comrades from the Socialist League, and Kelmscott villagers followed it with his family and friends through the rain to the graveyard. Letters, some of them ill-spelled, came to comfort the heart of Jane Morris. They included this from a textile worker in Morris' own workshops:

Dear Madam, I loved and honored my Master, therefore I mourn with you, excuse this intrusion, I cannot help it. May God support and comfort you in the prayer of your faithful servant...

"Columbines" are rich in glucose for quick energy!



**COLUMBINES**  
—the richest  
caramels of all!

Like your caramels to be extra rich and creamy? With that true caramel flavour you can't mistake? Then ask for "Columbines"—made by MacRobertson. Each "Columbine" is a delicious, energizing and wholesome sweet, rich in glucose, and every piece is wrapped for your protection. Made with milk, creamy butter and pure cane sugar, they give you and your family caramel at its best.

Made by  
**MacRobertson**  
The Great Name in Confectionery





**FAST DRIVING** is fun to foolish young men. But own up that you cannot stand it and shut your eyes every time your boy drives his little car screeching at dangerous speed round a corner.

## Posing doesn't pay



**PLAYING POKER** until the small hours of the morning is no fun for you. Pretend to like it and he'll make it a habit.

● Many a romance has gone on the rocks because the girl, intent on getting her man, pretended to "love" his hobby until she had him hooked.



**SUFFERING** a round of golf is silly. It may be a splendid game, but if you don't like it say so. Don't spoil his afternoon's sport.



**COOKING** can be fun, but if you are the can-opener type, come into the open and tell him.

"OH, PLEASE, don't put sauce on the caviare! You said you were a connoisseur." (Right).



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 2, 1950

## RELAX THOSE WEARY MUSCLES



## Revitalise with Radox

Movie stars, actresses, social beauties—all revitalise with oxygen-charged Radox baths. After a trying day in the summer heat, you, too, can relax those weary muscles the same way. Be refreshed, vital, ready to go—revitalise with Radox! Radox revitalises because it gives ordinary tap water the properties of a mineral spring spa.

R.A.S.16



When Feet Ache a Radox foot-bath removes stale perspiration acids — your feet feel like new again.

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Medicinal Bath Salts

3/6 packet from Chemists.

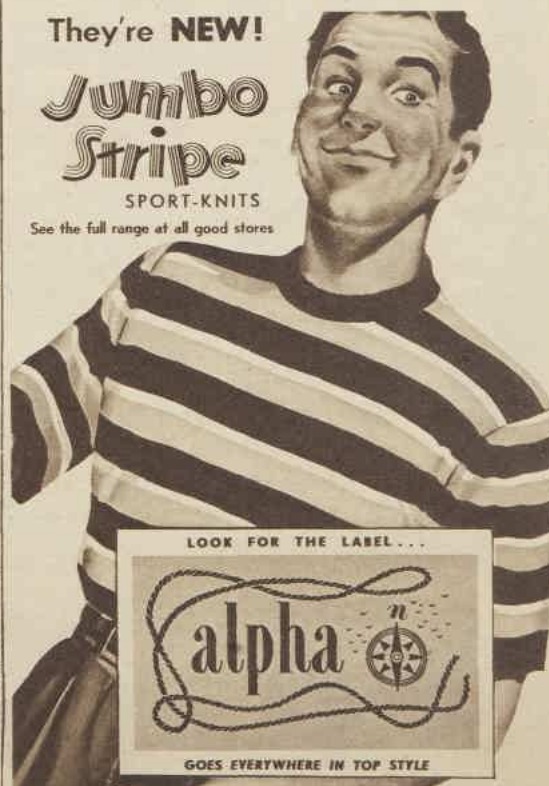
Start Radox to-day — feel revitalised to-morrow

They're **NEW!**

**Jumbo Stripe**

SPORT-KNITS

See the full range at all good stores



LOOK FOR THE LABEL...



GOES EVERYWHERE IN TOP STYLE





# Toni..

**A TWIN IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS**



Which Twin has the **Toni** and which has the expensive perm? (See answer below)

**The perfect perm for you ...**

*Hair styles created by a leading coiffeur*

**The perfect present for your friends**



### NEW TONI SPIN CURLER KIT

New exclusive Toni SPIN curlers 'cut winding in half — make your Toni Home Perm easier and faster. They grip ... spin ... lock with a flick of the finger — 26/-

### TONI STANDARD CURLER KIT

Plastic curlers, rubber bands ... used by over 25 million American Women. 22/6

### TONI REFILL

Re-perms a whole head, and is used with both Toni SPIN Curler and Toni Standard Kit. 11/6



Be a "Christmas Belle" this year with a wave that looks and feels like naturally curly hair! You'll save time and money, too, for it costs so little to give yourself deep, graceful Toni waves. You'll find Toni a great comfort, too, because you will avoid all the rush for Christmas appointments. The average waving time is only 1½ hours, and you'll be free to do those last-minute Christmas tasks while your beautiful Toni wave is "taking".

Make your friends the Toni gift of soft, smooth waves that look natural the very first day ... and last for months and months. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a perm ... and it's easier and faster than ever with the new SPIN curlers. If a friend already has SPIN curlers, the answer's simple; give her a Toni Refill!

Which Twin has the Toni? It's the vivid brunette on the right! Attractive Monica Calgareo of Wollongong, N.S.W., permed her hair at home with Toni. Her sister, Veronica, plans to have a Toni next perm.

# Toni

**HOME PERMANENT**  
THE CREME COLD WAVE

### EXPERT ADVICE

If you have any waving or coiffure problems, write to Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence Street, Sydney.

A product of the Toni Division of Gillette



# 5 steps to STARDOM

★ Brisbane girl Patricia Macdonald, who hopes one day to be a famous dancer, has just finished a year's study with the Sadler's Wells Ballet School to help her on her way to the top. Patricia went to England last year on a £400 scholarship awarded by the Australasian Society of Teachers of Dancing, recently returned home. These five action shots were taken by Brisbane photographer Mrs. Dorothy Coleman, using flashlights.



**GRACE WITH ELEVATION.** Soaring into the air, Patricia Macdonald does the step known as cabriole en avant. This step is seldom done by girls, often by men.

**ATTITUDE** is the ballet term for this elegant arm position (right). Patricia took part in a number of amateur dance recitals in London.



**THREE EXPRESSIONS FROM THE TARANTELLA:** (1) The lunge with back bend after the pirouette. (2) The leap into the air, or grand pas de chat en avant. (3) The lunge after the pirouette. Patricia has a year's leave of absence in Australia, hopes to return to England in the New Year to continue her studies at Sadler's Wells.

## HOT and BOTHERED?



**DO YOU KNOW** that a sparkling glass of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is a sure way to keep you fit, cool and comfortable on the warmest day?

**DO YOU KNOW** that a teaspoonful of ENO has an alkalizing effect equal to that of a tumblerful of pure, fresh orange juice? By taking ENO you restore your natural buoyancy!

**DO YOU KNOW** that ENO contains no Glauber's Salt and no Epsom Salts? ENO is gentle, effective and pleasant to take—the ideal family health-giving drink.

**DO YOU KNOW** that cooling and refreshing ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is good for your liver, settling to the stomach, a perfect pick-me-up? Keep ENO by you at work—it's delightful and invigorating.



Sold in bottles for lasting freshness

**Eno's  
"Fruit Salt"**

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are regd. Trade Marks.

341

## NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS** under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.



**ARRID** THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



Every minor skin wound needs **PROTECTION**

BETTER HAVE HANDY YOUR



APPLY **portex**  
GERMICIDAL...SELF-STERILIZING  
**Plastic Skin**

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY



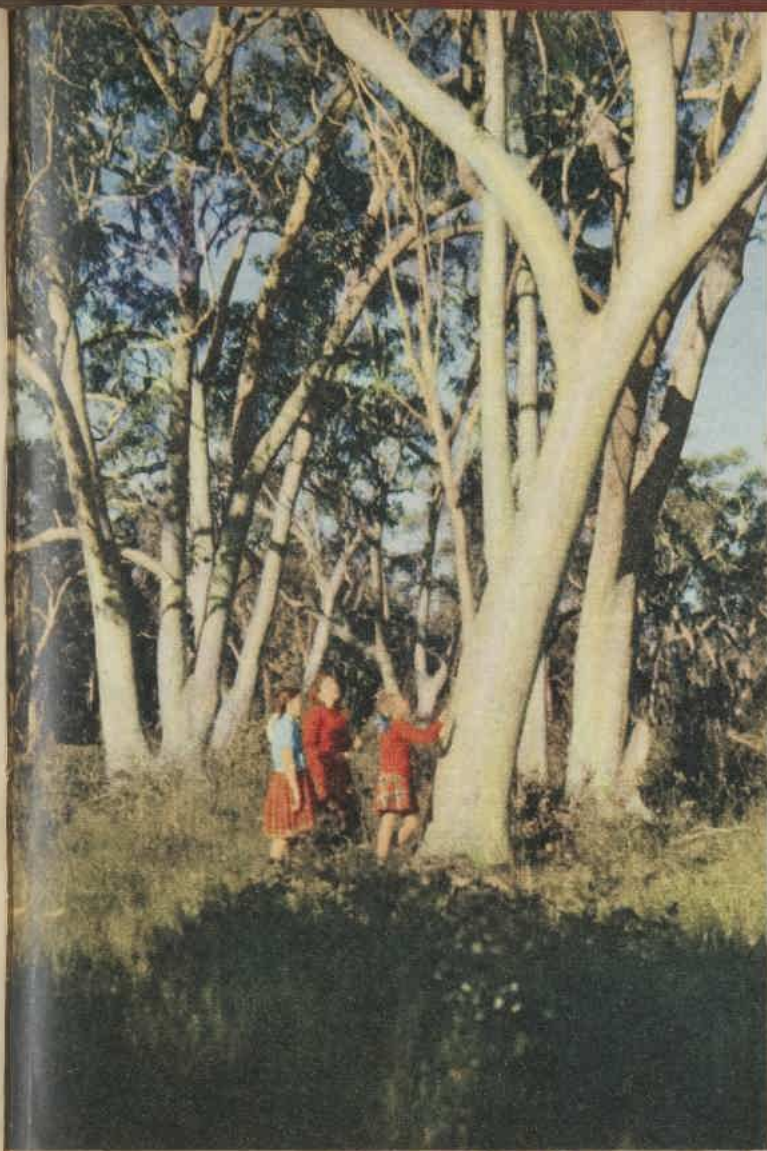
The  
*Beauty*  
OF TREES



VIVID RED coral trees frame Osborne Memorial Church of England at Brownsville, near Wollongong, N.S.W. (above). Poplars at Gilmore Creek, near Tumut (N.S.W.), below.







*SMOOTH WHITE* trunks of a group of eucalypts make a familiar but always beautiful pattern. These gums grow near the Cordeaux Dam in the Illawarra district of N.S.W.

MAN has always loved trees. He has taken them from forest and bushland to break the bleakness of dreary landscapes and to beautify drab streets.

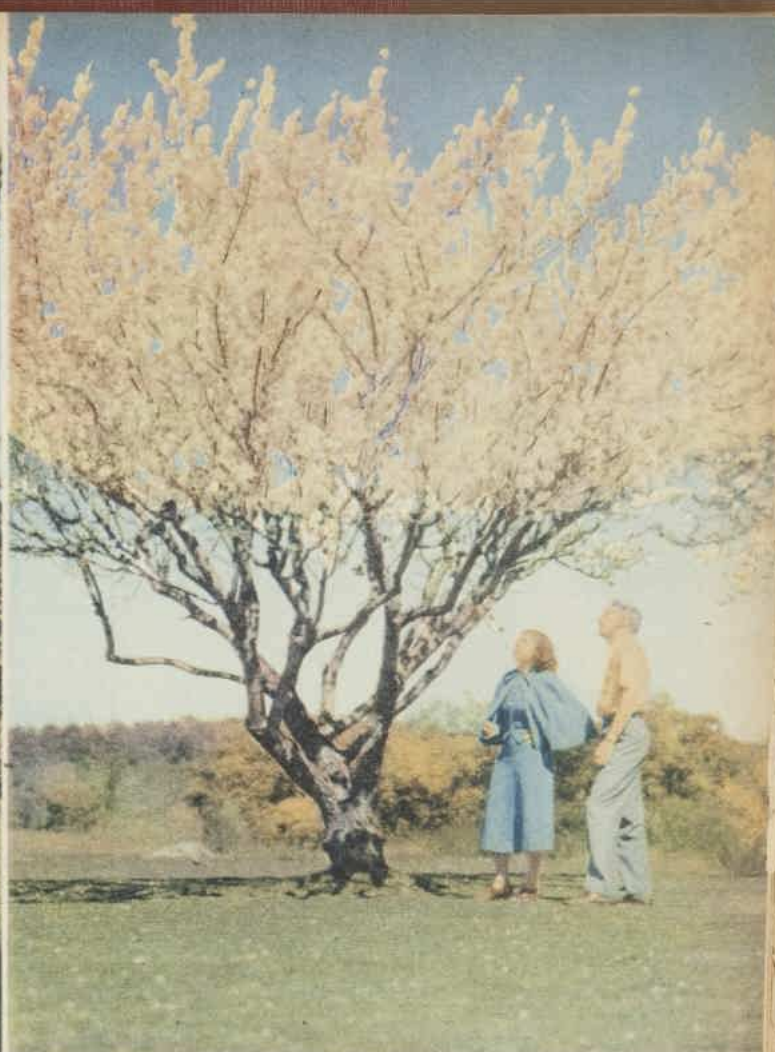
The painter, with his special vision and sensibility, has revealed to others the pattern, the light and shade, and even the mystery of trees.

Now the color photographer, using new techniques and a different kind of artistry, enriches our appreciation of this natural beauty.

The glorious studies on these pages are the work of Mr. Leo Lyons, of Port Kembla, N.S.W.

They show how perfectly trees of European origin harmonise with those of Australia.

*DEEP GREEN* casuarinas growing on the banks of the Macquarie Rivulet, Lake Illawarra, N.S.W., lean gracefully towards the water. This spot is not far from the Prince's Highway.



*PALE PINK BLOSSOM* of the prunus, one of the many varieties of flowering shrubs and trees that are carefully cultivated in Canberra, makes a glorious display in early spring when the snow is still on the hills around the Federal capital. This month the deeper tonings of the double peach has followed the prunus display in Canberra.







Can you be  
a glamorous  
blonde?



Yes!

NAPRO BLONDING EMULSION  
will give your hair the beautiful  
natural blondness that wins instant  
admiration.

Yes!

NAPRO BLONDING EMULSION  
transforms dull or "mousy" tresses.  
It's safe, gentle and so easy to use.

Yes!

NAPRO BLONDING EMULSION  
allows very exact treatment. You can  
control the exact shade of blondness  
you desire. . . and Napro's rich,  
exclusive oils leave your hair shining,  
supple, silken soft. Try Napro  
Blonding Emulsion . . . to-day!



**BLONDING  
EMULSION**

by the makers of Napro Hair Dye,  
Hair Vitalizer, Hi-Liter and other  
exclusively blended hair preparations.

44-21-20



Watch that  
man!

You'd be wise to  
follow his lead. He  
knows the importance of healthy,  
well-groomed hair, and he uses Napro  
Hair Vitalizer for Men. Napro Hair  
Vitalizer is a scientific preparation  
to keep the scalp and hair healthy  
... to remove dandruff ... and  
to keep hair well groomed  
without greasiness. Get a  
tube to-day!



44-22-8

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 20

NEXT morning Abigail awak-  
ened to the now familiar sound  
of knuckles on wood. She flopped  
irritably in the bed and removed  
the bedclothes from her face.

"It's Harmony, Mrs. Castle," a  
voice said.

Trudging wearily to the door, Abi-  
gail turned the key and removed the  
chair which was wedged under the  
knob. Mrs. George B. Harmony  
looked in, clad in fresh starched  
white.

"The cowboy—Mr. Castle," Har-  
mony said, "is downstairs fixing  
breakfast with his own hands. He  
said I was to notify you that break-  
fast is served in this house at eight-  
thirty and no breakfast is served in  
the room."

"Oh," Abigail said. "Right you  
are. I'll have to hustle into my  
clothes and make an appearance."

Abigail went downstairs. Harmony  
was setting the table on the terrace,  
and Ben was holding forth at the  
barbecue. He was freshly shaven,  
wore slacks, a silk sport shirt, and  
a gingham apron, and had a chef's  
tall cap perched on his head. He  
worked that slow, paralyzing grin at  
the first sight of her. She managed  
to repress an answering smile.

"Did you rest well?"

"Perfectly," Abigail said. "What  
do we have for breakfast?"

"Ordinary cow-poke's grub," Ben  
said, "chuck-wagon style. English  
muffins, smoked turkey breast fried  
in an egg batter, and creamed chip  
beef on toast. Simply make your  
selection."

They sat down, and Nacio served  
them. Abigail ate too much and  
grew sleepy in the sunlight, and felt  
herself being lulled into a false  
sense of security.

To shake it off, she went inside.  
Ben followed her presently.

"Little gal," he began. "I—"

"Stop calling me 'little gal'!" Abi-  
gail snapped.

"A.J.," Ben said, "last night my  
original plans were dishonorable  
and ungentlemanly. However, some-  
thing happened and I realised it too  
late. I—"

"You're right something hap-  
pened," Abigail interrupted. "Your  
conscience came out from under the  
anæsthesia for the first time in  
years."

"On the contrary," Ben said, "my  
conscience was out cold as ever.  
Instead, my old, scarred bosom was  
pierced by an arrow shot from a  
bow in the hands of a little fellow  
named—"

"Ben!" Abigail said. "Surely  
you're not going to try that again?  
Do you want me to run screaming  
from the house?"

"Listen, Abigail," Ben replied,  
"I'm completely on the level. I've  
never been the same since you sat  
beside me at the pool in that bath-  
ing suit. You're the only lawyer I'll  
ever care for. You drive men mad  
after a time with that quiet, unin-  
teresting manner of yours. Now I  
understand what's biting that half-  
witted aviator. Abigail, I love you  
—I don't care if you are my wife."

"Nothing can stop you, can it?"  
Abigail said. "But I'm telling you,  
cowboy, you can go too far. I'm will-  
ing to save your life and not one  
thing more. So put up or shut up.  
Furthermore—" The doorbell rang,  
and she started violently.

Nacio rapped, disclosed himself  
and bowed. "Mr. Kallen," he  
announced.

"Oh—oh!" Ben said. "Nacio, show  
him into the parlor. Keep this door  
closed. We'll be along immediately."

He grasped Abigail's hand.

"This is zero hour," he said, "and  
we must stand or fall by the im-  
pression we make. Remember to be  
affectionate, little gal."

"Remember not to get too fresh,"  
Abigail told him fiercely.

They walked into the parlor  
swinging hands, smiling falsely. Kal-  
len awaited them, his back to the  
fireplace, his hands in his pockets.

"The happy couple," he said.

"Hello, Mr. Kallen," Abigail said.

"Nice of you to come by, Harry,"  
Ben said.

"This is quite a joint," Kallen said.  
He looked at Abigail. "You like it,  
Mrs. Castle?"

"Tremendously," Abigail said.

"We're so much in love," Ben said.  
"that we scarcely know where we  
are or what we're doing . . . Isn't  
that right, Abby?"

"Yes," Abigail said.

Kallen ignored Ben. "You belong  
in this kind of place," he said to  
Abigail.

"Thank you."

"Sit down, Harry," Ben said.

"Sure," Kallen lowered himself  
into a chair, his back rigid.

Ben sat down and patted his lap  
for Abigail. "Do you mind if she  
sits on my lap?" he said, and  
grinned. "We're going through the  
silly stage."

"Why not?" Kallen said.

Abigail crossed unwillingly and  
placed herself on Ben's knees.

"This is the most wonderful ex-  
perience of my life," she said.

"Yeah," Kallen said.

"Uh—could I offer you a drink?"  
Ben said. "How about a glass of  
sherry?"

"No," Kallen replied, "but you go  
ahead, cowboy. I know you like it."  
"I don't drink since I got mar-  
ried," Ben said. "We just keep a  
little sherry in the house for guests."

"Is that a fact?" Kallen said.

"Isn't that right, little gal?" Ben  
said.

ABIGAIL smiled  
sweetly at Ben. "That's right," she  
said. "You're as dry as an old bone."  
She tried to smile ingratiatingly at  
Kallen. "He calls me 'little gal.' Isn't  
that sweet?"

"Yeah," Kallen said. "What do  
you call him?"

"Why—why, I call him 'cowboy.'"  
"It's a good name for him," Kal-  
len said.

"We're so happy," Ben said.  
"Aren't we, little gal? Give me a  
kiss, little gal."

"Not in front of Mr. Kallen, dar-  
ling," Abigail said.

"Go ahead," Kallen said.  
Abigail was thoroughly kissed.  
Rising, knowing her redness of face  
could be mistaken for a bride's  
blush, she thrust her trembling hands  
behind her.

"We lead a very quiet life," Abigail  
said. "Just eating and sleeping. Ben  
has to go to work pretty soon. He's  
saving his money."

"He don't have to save it for me,"  
Kallen said and got up. "I'm sold.  
I gotta go."

"Ben sings to me at night," Abigail  
said. "He accompanies himself on  
his guitar. We sit in front of the  
fire."

"No kidding?" Kallen said. "That  
must be great. Ask that guy of  
yours to get my hat."

Ben rang for Nacio; as he did,  
Abigail heard the telephone shrill-  
ing. Nacio came in a moment. "Mr.  
Birgin on phone," he reported.

"That's the head of my studio,"  
Ben said, "and he's not used to wait-  
ing. Will you hold on a minute for  
me, Harry?"

"You go ahead, cowboy," Kallen  
said. "So long."

"Get Mr. Kallen's hat, Nacio,"  
Abigail ordered.

Please turn to page 36

THE  
UNDERLYING  
SECRET  
of Beauty



LOURNAY

LIQUID POWDER BASE

the perfect  
foundation for every  
type of skin

DAWN PINK PEACHBLOOM  
FRANGIPANI ROSEGLOW

...with matching shade in  
LOURNAY FACE POWDER



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## Legal Bride

Continued from page 34

BEN hurried to answer the phone. Abigail accompanied Kallen to the door. He took his hat from Nacio and ran a finger along the crease in the crown. Kallen looked at Abigail, smiling faintly.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Kallen?" Abigail said, in low tones. "You don't owe me anything on account of what my father might have done. And we want to pay you—we don't want to accept that debt as a wedding present."

"Let me give you a tip, Mrs. Castle," Kallen said slowly. "People do you favors and give you stuff because they want to. If you ask 'em for something, they'll back away from you. So don't worry about what you have coming to you because you're pretty and nice or have good connections. That's natural, sec?"

"I sec," Abigail said. "Maybe you don't entirely," Kallen said. "I was pressing a little the night Ben dropped his bundle. I might not be giving away too much, sec?"

"I sec," Abigail said. "When he called me up last night in Las Vegas and begged me to come by to-day," Kallen said. "I figured everything was going all right with you. If he sticks by his bargain, it's swell with me—and I suppose with you. I won't be by again unless you need help. When the cowboy requires a little persuading, Mrs. Castle, just holler."

Abigail was frowning. "You say the cowboy called you last night and asked you to come by?"

"He practically insisted on it," Kallen said. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," Abigail said. "Nothing." She had recollected her role of loving wife not a moment too soon. "I—I was thinking of how sweet it was of him to want to show you how well we are getting along. He'd just do anything for his 'little gal.'"

Abigail watched him drive away, and went slowly into the house. Hurrying down the hall to her came Ben.

"Great news," he said. "Otto Francis Birgin wants us to pay him a visit at his house immediately. It's a great honor and you'll be revolted. Will you go?"

"Of course," Abigail said. "Why not? I'm on the grand tour and I might as well see everything."

On top of a hill, with all of Los Angeles spread below and even the flash of the sea in the distance, lay the stately pleasure dome erected by Otto Francis Birgin. The carport was full of shining automobiles, and Ben had to be assisted in his parking by an obliging man Abigail assumed was hired for that purpose. But when she was introduced to him, she discovered he was one of Mr. Birgin's production executives.

"Delighted to meet you, darling," he said. "I don't remember your face, but I can certainly place the body from that bathing suit shot in the newspapers. Sorry I can't come in with you. Mr. Birgin threw me out for arguing that last Sunday was warmer than this one."

The house was an enormous modern, providing dazzling vistas of plate glass, angular chairs, violent colors, ferns sprouting from the sides of fireplaces the size of caves, and milling guests.

In the next fifteen minutes, Abigail was introduced to approximately forty men and women. They stared at her with frank curiosity, and perhaps additional respect and pity. Several dashing girls kissed Ben and greeted him ecstatically.

One girl said to Abigail, "I thought of the cowboy once myself, but I hate crowds of other women, don't you? Or don't you mind, darling?"

Abigail began to burn, and not

from the sun. The strange, surly temper first manifested on her wedding night took possession of her. A man confided in hushed tones that Mr. Birgin had stated he was sick of such a crowd and he had retired to the stables to hold limited court.

"We'd better go look him up, little gal," Ben said. "He'll be wondering where we are."

They pushed on to the stables at the lower end of the estate. A producer was holding a horse outside one of the stable buildings. He said Mr. Birgin, in an irritable quest for privacy, had dispossessed the animal and was holding a conference in a stall.

"We shouldn't interrupt him," Ben said, "but we'd better."

"Here's the cowboy, Mr. Birgin," a man called.

Otto Francis Birgin emerged and waved off his confreres, who retired to the producer and the horse. Mr. Birgin was a huge man with a Viking's shoulders and hands, a flat face, hot blue eyes, and a built-in scowl. His surly gaze travelled from Abigail to Ben.

"I'm very busy. What do you want, cowboy?" he demanded.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Birgin," Ben said. "If that's the case, we'll merely say hello and trot along. I only wanted to introduce you to—"

"Who's this dame?" Mr. Birgin said.

"My dear wife," Ben said.

"I—"

"I'm Mrs. Castle," Abigail said evenly. "I am not a dame, and I am entirely unaccustomed to meeting talking apes."

"And so—good-bye," Ben said to himself quietly.

MR. BIRGIN was scowling heavily at Abigail. "Do you know who I am?" he demanded.

"Since everybody addresses you as Mr. Birgin," Abigail said, "I presume you're the head of Allied-Apex Studios. I could be mistaken, never having seen you before. You're as big as a horse, you look like one, and apparently you prefer to remain in a stall. May I say I approve of your choice? It's where you belong, from what I've heard."

"Simply send the word to Mother," Ben said, "that I died game."

"Of course," Mr. Birgin said, "you're a perfect dame. You're beautiful, and you got the brain of Einstein. How much money have you got?"

"I'm broke," Abigail said.

"I'm richer," Mr. Birgin said. "I'm getting richer every day. And I'm looked down on by dough-faced dames that have to marry actors in order to eat. Got any more arguments, honey?"

"I can't stand to hear you insult my wife," Ben said. "I'm going."

"I wouldn't bother to argue with you, Birgin," Abigail said. She saw Ben hurrying off to the other men and the horse.

"You're right you wouldn't," Mr. Birgin said. "I never lost an argument in my life. I'll give you one minute to get off my property with your husband. If you don't, I'll throw you both off personally."

"Birgin," Abigail said, "you have made me extremely happy with that ultimatum. I'll be here sixty-one seconds from now, and I want to be thrown off by you personally. You say you're getting richer. I happen to be an attorney at law, and I'll take care of that in court. This will turn out to be a fight even you can't afford."

Otto Francis Birgin took a full sixty seconds for contemplation. He regarded Abigail with his small, burning eyes.

Please turn to page 37



**A**BIGAIL consulted her watch calmly. "That minute is up, Birgin," she said. "You've already committed assault—add battery to it, I beg you."

"How have I committed assault?" "The threat you uttered constitutes assault," Abigail told him. "I await the battery."

"You're the daughter of Vincent Furnival, ain't you?" Mr. Birgin said. "Yes," Abigail replied, "and let's not change the subject. Hurry up with the battery, Birgin."

"I knew him," Mr. Birgin said. "I'm not doing anything." He glanced along the barn to be sure the other men couldn't hear him. "If you keep on being so tough, I'll go back in my stall and close the gate and not talk to you any more."

"Ha!" Abigail said. "Yellow!"

"That's right," Mr. Birgin said. "Listen, Birgin," Abigail said. "I don't often despise people, but you're high on my private hate parade. I welcome your trying to fire the cowboy. We'll give you a release from the contract. It's high time he was doing something else."

"Why?" Mr. Birgin said. "Because he's too good an actor for Westerns," Abigail said. "He's geared for better, more important roles. That's probably been the trouble with him these past few years. He has been frustrated."

Mr. Birgin hitched up his pants, went back into the stable, and emerged again with a riding crop the size of a cat-o-nine-tails. "Let's go for a walk. I want to talk to you."

They left the barn. The group around the horse and the producer was silent and intent, including Ben.

"I'm going for a walk with Mrs. Castle," Mr. Birgin stated. "I don't want to be bothered by any of you."

"Can I come with you, Mr. Birgin?" Ben said.

"No, you can't," Mr. Birgin said, with a faint hint of amiability.

He walked through the ordered wilderness of the grounds, modifying his pace to suit Abigail's shorter legs, his unlovely countenance wearing an absorbed expression. Occasionally he demolished some rare botanical specimen with his slashing crop.

"People have tried to attract my attention in all sorts of ways," Mr. Birgin said. "A few have even tried getting tough. That don't go with me. They didn't mean it. I'm an unpleasant type."

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 36

"That's no lie, Birgin," Abigail said.

"But you are different," Mr. Birgin said, and seemed mysteriously cheered. "You are really mean. Must have got it from your old man."

"I'm not looking for compliments from any anthropoid," Abigail said. "Get to the point."

"A good moving picture," Mr. Birgin said, "is the best and simplest and easiest understood medium in the world. Well, I been making cheap and saleable pictures. Now I want to do better. I got several good stories on the fire, and one of them is about a murderer. It's mental, see, and teaches a lesson. The guy is cracked."

"Well, now, I got a character from the University, who says it will be great for people to see because they can pick out the filberts in their own families and keep them from knocking off other people. The cowboy might be good for that."

"Wonderful for it," Abigail said. "It even sounds great the way you tell the story."

**H**ALTING, Mr. Birgin wrecked a tree-orchid nestling between two boughs. "There's an angle," he said. "Your boy loses his regular audiences. How do I know he will be good? We got to have a readjustment. Have you figured the dough you want for your boy?"

"I'll tell you something, Birgin," Abigail said. "I don't like you a bit, but I have come to have a moderate appreciation of your sincerity. You're a businessman, not an artist or a pirate. You want to make decent, steady profits, not hold up stage-coaches. I feel you'll treat us fairly, and I'm willing to abide by your decision. I'll stick with a businessman any time."

"Okay," Mr. Birgin said. "Let's go back to the stables."

The producer, the horse, and the executives had disappeared. But Ben still hung around. He looked wistful and didn't speak.

"Come inside, Mrs. Castle," Mr. Birgin said. "Buffalo Bill can come, too."

When they reached the stall, he excused himself, removed a pen and paper from his pocket, went inside and closed the gate. Ben and Abigail waited.

Presently Mr. Birgin reappeared and opened the gate. "Come in my office," he said. "Here's a preliminary agreement I've drawn up on releasing Ben from his present contract."

"Oh, my gosh!" Ben said. "And here's the agreement on the new deal," Mr. Birgin said. "Twenty grand for the first opera, and I bind myself that it'll be an A production. Price on next pictures to be reached by mutual bargaining. I must be out of my head."

"Sign them, Ben," Abigail said.

"Yes, dear," Ben said.

"Do we need to tell him anything?" Mr. Birgin asked. "Only this," Abigail said, and turned to Ben. "We've made a new deal with Allied-Apex. You'll receive less money, but your crop through with cowboy pictures. Your first role is that of a psychological murderer."

"That's the word I was trying to think of when we were walking," Mr. Birgin said. "Psychological. Now I got a little surprise for you, Buffalo Bill. Sign this." He handed Ben a third paper decorated with illegible handwriting.

"Shall I, dear?" Ben said.

"At once," Abigail said. "What is it, Birgin?"

"An I.O.U.," Mr. Birgin said.

"Binding, though. Three years to pay. No interest. Here, Buffalo." Abigail and Ben tilted their heads over the cheque in the latter's fingers. It was entirely legible, including Mr. Birgin's signature, and for sixty thousand dollars. Abigail and Ben lifted their heads and gazed into each other's eyes.

"You asked me for it once," Mr. Birgin went on, "and I turned you down. You were a no-hoper then. Now it's different."

"It's not different!" Ben said. "I'm still a no-hoper. I—"

"Mrs. Castle ain't," Mr. Birgin said. "You don't know it, but Harry Kallen came to me a long time ago and hollered. This morning he called me and said it was all right—that you were straightened out with a new wife and he was going to forget the dough. That scared me. When guys like Kallen get broad-minded, they're fixing an alibi for musing somebody up. I prefer to ruin my own actors. You go pay off, Buffalo Bill."

"I won't take the money," Ben said. "I'm not afraid of Kallen. I refuse to be under obligations to you."

"I'm being a nice guy!" Mr. Birgin roared. "I'm getting you out of a hole, risking dough on you, doing you a favor on account of your wife! Either take that money or we'll tear up the new agreement, keep the contract release you signed, and I'll throw you off my property!"

"I've been framed," Ben said. "This is a dirty plot on the part of my enemies. I appeal to—"

Abigail shoved him from the stall contemptuously. She stuck out her hand to Mr. Birgin, and he nearly mangled her fingers.

"Thanks, Birgin," she said dully. "You've solved all our problems." "He ain't too bright," Mr. Birgin said, "but you got enough brains for both. It's been a pleasure doing business with you."

They drove home wrapped in a profound silence.

"A.J.," Ben said, stopping her on the steps, "this is a time for decision."

"Right," Abigail agreed. "I've made mine. I'm going back to Aunt Alice."

"Not again!"

"For the last time."

"I love you," Ben said. "You've never given me a chance to tell you, but after that night I played my guitar and sang for you—"



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## Beauty in brief: Simple home facial

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

● Treat yourself to a cleansing, refreshing facial once a week. Here are step-by-step details of a simple treatment to follow at home.

1. Collect working materials before beginning. You will need tissue, cotton-wool, tweezers, cleansing cream, a prepared facial mask, some ice, and cleansing grains for rough skin or blackheads.

2. Double cleanse face and throat with cream, using one hand after other with firm upward strokes. Remove second coat of cream with a wad of cotton-wool.

3. Cleansing grains, used once a week, are an efficient treatment for blackheads or scaly skin. Mix about a teaspoonful of grains in the palm of the hand with enough water to make a paste. Smooth over the face and allow ten minutes for the paste to dry before removing with warm water. Tidy up eyebrows in the meantime.

4. The face-mask to vitalise the complexion is the next step. The kind of mask used depends upon the skin. Smooth it on with fingertips to within an inch of the eyes in any direction. Cut strips of cotton-wool, soak them in among the ice-cubes, and stick them over the mask preparation. Now comes a time for ten minutes' relaxation.

5. Before removing the mask, ice over your face with the cotton-wool still in place. This will contract pores and tone up the skin. It is not good to use ice directly on the skin.

6. Peel off the cotton-wool and you will find that most of the mask will come with it. Remove the rest with a pad soaked in warm water. Pat—don't rub—the face with this pad. Finish off with a cold splash.

*"My dear!  
there is a way..."*



... a couple of Myzone tablets with water, or a cup of tea, bring quick, safe relief from period pain—immediate, lasting relief. Myzone's amazing Aetevin (anti-spasm) compound relieves pain, headache, backache, muscular pain and that sick feeling. Myzone is safe and sure. Keep a packet in your bag always.



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Rush and bustle, holly and tinsel . . . you're in a whirl of gift buying . . . but pause for a moment, spare a few minutes for yourself . . . you'll want to look your best for those gay Xmas and New Year parties. Give yourself a Brassiere by Berlei . . . choose one of the many smart and delightful styles all the stores are displaying just now. There's "Arietta," "Gothic," "Hollywood-Maxwell," "Bare Shoulder" Bra, "Plunge-front" and "Sun Bra" for all your moments under the sun. Every brassiere fashioned by Berlei is designed to fit perfectly one of the six different bust shapes characteristic of Australian women, so always insist on a Brassiere by Berlei . . . have it personally fitted by the Berlei-trained Corsetiere in your favourite Store.



"Hollywood-Maxwell" Brassieres by Berlei are available in a wide range of lovely materials to fit four bust shapes. Berlette, waist-depth and strapless styles, all with the famous whirlpool stitching. Prices from 12/3 to 27/.

(lower left) Waist-depth "Hollywood-Maxwell" H199.  
Sizes 34-42. Price, 27/.

(top right) "Hollywood-Maxwell" Berlette H107.  
Sizes 32-35. Price, 14/3.

Go strapless over the holidays . . . wear a "Bare Shoulder" Bra by Berlei. There's a wide range of intriguing shapes and styles in lace, broderie anglaise and satin, with a choice of white or nude. To top-off play togs there's the "Sun Bra" by Berlei in flowered cotton.

Prices from 19/6 to 33/3.

(above) "Bare Shoulder" "Hollywood-Maxwell" Bra H125 in ten-rose. Sizes 30-36. Price, 26/.

(left) "Bare Shoulder" Bra 272, waist-depth, in white lace. Light boning. Sizes 30-36. Price, 30/6.

Prices in this advertisement do not apply in Queensland.

Ask at your favourite store for a personal fitting

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THE UNITED KINGDOM AND NEW ZEALAND



# Starring ROLE

☆ Although the bride of to-day cherishes her wedding gown as much as grandma did, she doesn't fold it away as an heirloom, but delights in wearing it as a special party frock when invitations arrive for "Mr. and Mrs."



● Wide lace panels on the skirt of this traditional wedding dress of white satin and lace continue as a border of the long, full train.



● Unusual note in ballerina-length white satin bridal gown. Rhinestone-embroidered lace edges the collar and décolletage of the strapless dress, worn for the wedding day with cape collar.



● A dream wedding gown for a lovely bride is this Spanish-styled white net and lace. Alternating flounces of net and lace fashion the skirt and train. Sheer nylon fills in the neckline.



● The sheer nylon yoke of this formal white lace mounted on satin bridal gown is cuffed across the back and shoulders with filmy lace.



● For the bride who is quietly married or for a going-away costume this amber-toned heavy linen suit, long-sleeved and featuring a high neckline doubly collared, is ideal. Flowers are pinned to the corsage.



# Ruby Ardern's

● Pink satin overlaid with ochre-colored net is gathered for the yoke of this frock's tiny bodice made with loose armholes and a wide hem.



● Here tucked organdie is used with puffed sleeves, front buttoning, and ribbon tied belt.



● For the older child mousseline in larger horizontal tucks gives layered effect.



● Spotted organdie, smocked with darker thread and trimmed with small rolled frills, makes these two dresses with U-shaped bodices.



● The bodice of this frock is embroidered, as are the heart-shaped pockets, to vary the simplicity of the style. This is a becoming dress, and gives much scope for the mother clever with her needle.



● The tiny tot is in pleated linen with epaulets of broderie anglaise.

Christmas holidays mothers will be faced with a party dress for their age daughters to wear.

Whether your daughter is in the "pick and lemons" and "pick and key" class or has reached the stage of a night at the frocks will fill her



# Paris Ables!



● Checked gingham for summer or viyella for cooler days could make this sleeveless, square-necked sun frock, topped by a matching bolero with scalloped collar and cuffs.

● Pierre Balmain designed this frock for my ten-year-old daughter when he visited Australia. The blouse is of white linen. With a tartan skirt she wore it for years.

● For the twelve-to-fourteen-year-olds a slightly more sophisticated dress, above, is charming made in white pique eyelet-holed with yellow. The small cape gives a Quaker effect.

will soon be here and  
ed with the problem  
their tiny tots or teen-  
ar to the many parties.  
lter is in the "oranges  
in the tail on the don-  
ached the sophisticated  
e theatre, one of these  
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**A**BIGAIL broke in, demanding hotly, "Why did you call Harry Kallen and ask him to visit us?"

"Because I was desperate. I realised too late I was crazy about you, and it was my only chance of persuading you to return to me. I thought once you were in the house—"

"I know," Abigail broke in. "That was just the last touch in the whole thing. You merely tell me that you have mysteriously fallen in love with me. Then, at your leisure, you can cast me aside."

"Stop acting," Ben said. "This is serious."

"I'm not acting!" Abigail said loudly. "It's all so transparent. Now that I think of it, Kallen's talk with me when you had gone to the telephone fits perfectly into the framework. He intimated that he had cheated you, and that he was giving up any thought of getting his money. But he offered to go on threatening you for my sake. There I was, the lamb among the wolves. The minute he had eliminated my worst worries, he could help Jake to work on Birgin."

"I am the victim of circumstances," Ben said, "and of a few buttinsky friends."

"Not a trick missed," Abigail said. "The chief of staff, Mr. Graves, covers his tracks neatly. At the crucial moment, he shows me he has secretly saved more than enough to cover your debt. Another fine touch, irresistible to my trusting nature."

"What?" Ben demanded. "You needn't pretend surprise to me," Abigail said. "I know you're an actor."

"These fatal coincidences," Ben said, "are going to wreck my mind. It never was strong. Listen, I'll tear up Mr. Birgin's cheque. I'll never speak to my dirty helpful friends again, and I won't pay Kallen with the money you say I have. You can keep your hold over me."

"A likely story," Abigail said. "At least I can put one spoke in your perfect wheel by leaving you immediately and giving Birgin a chance to draw a few conclusions."

"I won't drink any more," Ben said. "I'll forget women. No further guitar playing or singing. We'll just live together for the rest of our lives in the friendliest possible fashion. Can you conceive of a fairer offer?"

"I can no longer stay with you," Abigail said, "even to suit your convenience. Good-bye, cowboy."

"This will unquestionably go down in history," Ben said, "as one of the great miscarriages of justice."

Abigail walked inside, looked sternly at Harmony and Nacio, and said, "Follow me." Attended, she made the familiar journey up the stairs. Nacio had unpacked her things once more. She began on the carton, ordering the others to attend to the make-up case and the bag. With such a concentration of forces the job was soon done, despite Nacio's gradually increasing tears interfering with his packing. He was given the hand luggage, and Abigail and Harmony lifted the carton.

"Madam Castle," Harmony said, "this ain't going to be easy to take—you going away from us."

"If it wasn't for that cowboy," Abigail replied, "I'd be with you indefinitely."

They went slowly down the stairs and along the hall. Ben was leaning against the side of the library doorway, one heel lodged on the edge of the baseboard, a cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth. His thumbs were hooked in his belt and he gave a startlingly vivid illusion of a cowboy loafing against a corral fence. Abigail elevated her chin as she passed him.

"I love you," Ben said hopelessly. Abigail had her possessions deposited in the middle of the circular

driveway, and Nacio was sent running for her car. She stood tapping her foot nervously on the pavement, aware that Harmony was growing wet-eyed. Nacio drove up, two wheels on the grass, blinded by tears. Ben came outside as the loading was completed. Abigail blew her nose and got under the wheel.

"Good-bye, madam," Harmony said, and wiped her cheeks with her apron. "Good luck."

"Good-bye, Miss Castle," Nacio said. Of course he was using a handkerchief.

"Adios, little gal," Ben said, and produced a red bandanna. "I'll meet you at the last round-up in the skies someday."

Abigail started the engine and rode away. She stopped at a corner drugstore long enough to telephone Alice. "I've left the cowboy, Alice," she said.

"Again?" Alice asked.

"This time it's for good," Abigail said. "Save my room for me. I'm going away for a few days. Then I'm going to work as a law clerk for Simpson & Calhoun."

"Where are you going?" Alice asked.

"I'm going to that place in the San Bernardino Mountains where we went when we were working for the aircraft factory. Camp Kill-kare—remember?"

"I remember," Alice said. "But you're crazy, Abigail—"

**T**HE phone went dead. Abigail hung up. And after a call to Mr. Calhoun to tell him she could not come to work for a few days, she got back into the car and drove away.

She spent two restful days in the mountains. But on her third morning the restfulness came suddenly to an end. The camp office summoned her for a telephone call. It was Alice calling from the city.

"A.J.?" said Alice, in a conspiratorial voice.

"Yes, Alice," said Abigail, angry with herself for being disappointed.

"Hold on a minute," Alice said. There was a pause, and Alice spoke again—still with a voice of a conspirator—"A.J.?" Alice whispered.

"Yes, of course," Abigail said.

"What were you doing?"

"Checking security," Alice said. "I got to be sure I haven't been followed and that this phone isn't tapped. I'm in Austin Tisdale's apartment. He let me have his key so I could call you."

"Checking security?" Abigail repeated. "The phone tapped? Are you nuts?"

"If I'm not, dear," Alice said, "I'm on the thin edge. And all on account of you."

"Me?" Abigail said. "What's the matter?"

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 37

"The cowboy," Alice said, and snuffled suddenly. "The cowboy—he's in gaol."

"In gaol?" Abigail said.

"Do you have to repeat every word I say? Is there an echo in those mountains?"

"So he's in gaol," Abigail said. "So what! The fellow was never more than one jump ahead of the law. Did they get him for intoxication?"

"It's murder for the poor guy," Alice said.

"It's murder for anybody in gaol," Abigail said. "What is the charge?"

"I said it was murder!" Alice snapped.

"Murder!" Abigail said. She could feel the blood draining from her face. "Alice, is this some lunatic joke—"

"He bumped off a guy named Harry Kallen," Alice fought for breath and produced a high trill.

"Listen, A.J., I tried to keep it from you. I wanted you to rest in peace. It started late Sunday night. Kallen was killed and the cops grabbed the cowboy. Reporters and photographers came here. The phone began ringing. I said I didn't know where you were. The cops came. They're hounding me. They're trying to discover if I'm communicating with you. I'm going under . . ."

"Holy jumping cats!" Abigail said.

"The cowboy has appointed you his counsel," Alice said. "He won't even talk to anybody else. Your name is on headlines in every paper in town. They are dragging in your old man. Get out while you can."

"Oh, stop it," Abigail said. "Stand by to go about! I'm coming back to defend him. Get those lawbooks of mine out of the carton. Meet me in three hours on the corner of Beverly Drive and Wilshire Boulevard."

"No, no," Alice howled. "He's confessed. You can't defend him. I've got to go to work! They're already sore at me in the La Bonne Beaute Shoppe. Reporters hang around there all day, and not to have their hair done. And there's Austin—"

"Aunt Alice," Abigail said solemnly, "these are the times that try women's souls. We must every one of us expect to make sacrifices, and if Austin has to go, he has to go. Meet me on that corner!"

"Next time," Alice said, "I'll spend a little more dough and have an apartment alone. All right."

Abigail hung up, became aware of profuse perspiration. She sought the camp proprietor and paid her bill with remarkable calm. In less time than she would have believed possible, she was in her car and on her way to the city.

To be concluded

## My favorite poem

Here is a favorite poem of Mrs. S. E. Hatchett, of Main Road, Montrose, Hobart, Tasmania. Send us your favorite lines.

**I**S all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days  
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:  
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.  
The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,  
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.  
Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

From Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

she's self supporting



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WAISTBAND

The Evalastic permanent waistband never needs replacing, will not sag or stretch out of shape and is unaffected by washing. Exclusively in Lucas Veluede Panties, Scanties and Bloomers the Evalastic Waistband gives smooth comfortable fit and assures endless wear. Write to us and we'll tell you the name of a store close by that stocks them. E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

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SUSAN HAYWARD as she co-stars with DANA ANDREWS in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production "MY FOOLISH HEART."



*"I'm a Lux Girl"*  
says SUSAN HAYWARD

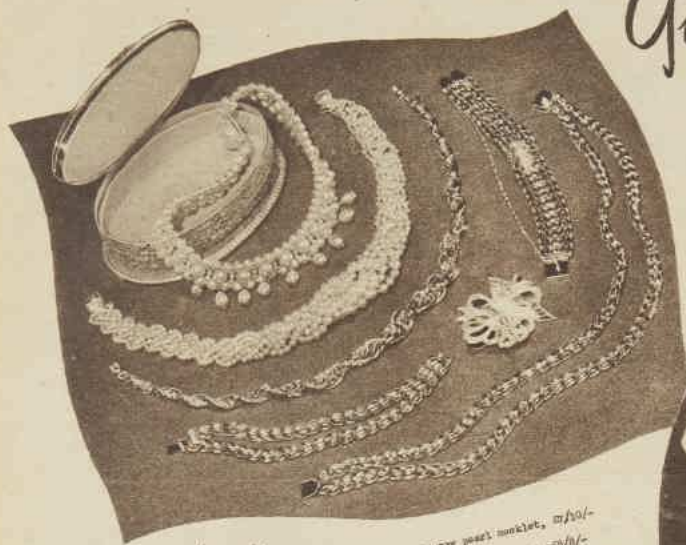
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 Pearl chokers, 95/-  
 Gift jewel case has period picture on lid, velvet lined, 25/6/-  
 Pink gold jewellery from Paris - bracelets, 46/- and 77/6.  
 Brilliant individual brooches - one only of each from 12/12/- (Illustrations, 22)

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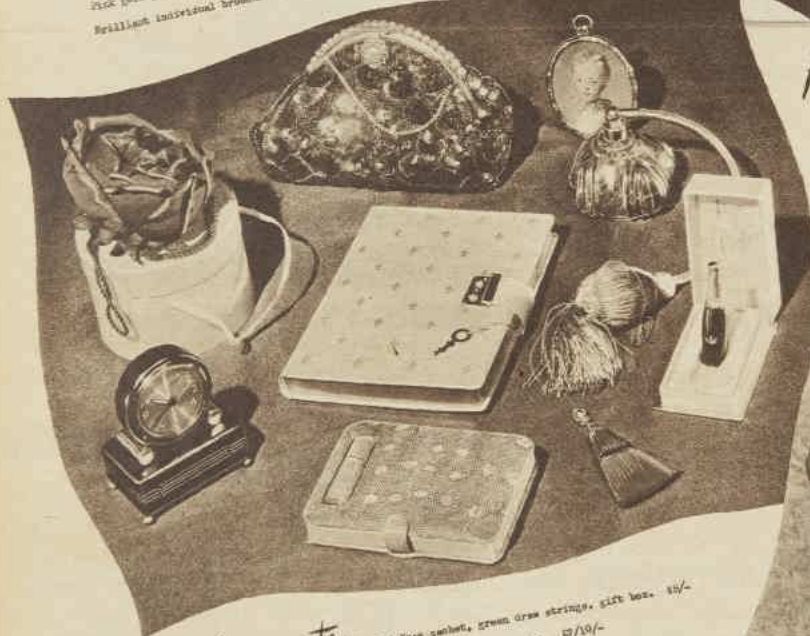
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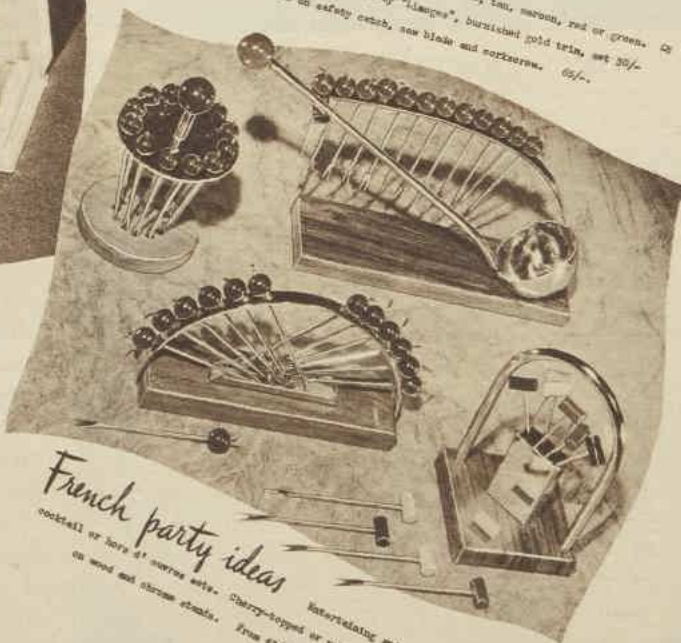
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## French fashion notes

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 Five-year diary, with lock and key, white leather embossed with gold flowers-de-lys. 12/10/-  
 Tiny perfume atomiser, shaped like a champagne bottle, 18/6. Pocket-size tidy brush, 4/6  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 2, 1950



# TEENA *by Linda Terry*



**ARIES** (March 21 to April 20): Use care in all your activities before the week-end, especially on Thursday. A sudden change could find you at variance with others. December 4 and 5 are your brightest days.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Extra expense or financial problems could upset the next few days. Persuade a partner to a less extravagant course. Use December 4 and 5 for your most important plans.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Use care until after December 1. Try not to become involved in disputes, especially in domestic and partnership affairs. Your stars are very bright from next Monday.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Plan quietly and avoid fatigue on November 30. Work and vocational activities get very busy from Monday, December 4, when new opportunities and much progress can be made.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): A week that could add a little more

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## As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

rest and enthusiasm to your affairs. However, keep an eye on pleasures, romance, and games of chance until after the week-end.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Don't let home affairs make you edgy and unsettled over the next three days. December 4 starts a lucky break in most of your affairs. Change and travel are well aspected.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): Slightly adverse aspects until after Friday. Watch partnerships and domestic affairs, also correspondence and legal activity. Happier stars rule your affairs after December 3.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 22): A rather active week is ahead, but use care in arranging your financial affairs before the week-end by not taking risks. Your lucky period does not start until early next week.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Get ready for a good all-round change from December 4. If you want things, go after them. You will find new doors opening for you.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Don't let important matters confuse you this week, especially on November 30 and December 1. Avoid impulse and emotional upsets, and watch business affairs. A nice lift due next week.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): You are nearing lucky days early next week, especially where friends and acquaintances are concerned, although you will need to tread softly until after December 1.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): A week when some of your ambitions could be realised, although caution will be necessary on Thursday, lest you become over-zealous and extravagant.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

...dream girl, dream girl,  
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl  
...hair that gleams and glistens  
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look.. after a **Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

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It takes only one "Little Nipper" to make any family happy! The children can take it off to **their** room—leaving the living room radio to the grown-ups. While the children are at school, mother can whisk the same "Little Nipper" out to the kitchen. Every family needs a second radio, and this beautifully compact little "His Master's Voice" mantel set is IT! In Walnut, Cream, Green or Burgundy. Easy terms everywhere.

**FOR THE BEST SHORT  
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Model C23B.—(at left). 5 valve, A.C. dual-wave receiver.

Model S23A. Same cabinet. 6 valve, A.C. dual-wave receiver.

Model C13C.—(at right). 5 valve mantel model, A.C. dual-wave.



*The Hallmark of Quality*

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# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian ser-  
vant, with lovely  
PRINCESS NARDA: Meet the  
KING OF MARVEL: When they  
arrive at Crystal Peak, cut off  
from the outside world by an  
invisible wall. After putting on  
special glasses they can see the

people who spend time in thought,  
or who travel on beams of pure  
energy over the world, where they  
study outside races. When Narda  
and Mandrake remark on this won-  
derful kingdom, the king says  
that they cannot take the knowl-  
edge with them. NOW READ  
ON:



"WE'RE PRISONERS HERE?" ASKS  
MANDRAKE.—"NO, YOU'D BE  
UNHAPPY AS PRISONERS. THERE'S  
NO UNHAPPINESS HERE," SAYS  
THE KING.—"THEN, WE'RE TO BE  
KILLED?" ASKS MANDRAKE.



"WE DO NOT KILL UNLESS FORCED. PLEASE SIT IN THESE  
CHAIRS," REPLIES THE KING.—"WAIT, THEY MAY BE  
DEATH CHAIRS!" CRIES MANDRAKE.



"TRUST ME AND DO NOT  
RESIST. YOU ARE  
AGAINST POWER EVEN  
STRONGER THAN YOURS,  
MANDRAKE, THE  
MAGICIAN," SAYS  
THE KING, SOFTLY.



"ALL MEMORY OF THIS PLACE WILL BE TAKEN FROM  
YOU. YOU'LL BE RETURNED TO YOUR HOMES ON AN  
ENERGY BEAM. WHEN YOU AWAKE, THIS WILL ALL  
SEEM LIKE A DREAM," ADDS THE KING. "NOW  
REMOVE THE GLASSES THAT PERMIT YOU  
TO SEE US--"



AS THE GLASSES ARE REMOVED, MARVEL VANISHES!  
THEY CAN SEE NOTHING IN THE STRANGE LIGHT, NOT  
EVEN THEMSELVES. THEY GROW DROWSY--  
FAINTLY, THEY HEAR THE KING'S VOICE--"GOODBYE"



WAS IT A DREAM, OR A NIGHTMARE--DID THEY IMAGINE  
THEY SHOT THROUGH THE SKY ON BEAMS  
OF PURE ENERGY?




SOMETIME LATER IN MANDRAKE'S HOME:  
"I HAD A FUNNY DREAM," SAYS NARDA. "SOMETHING  
ABOUT FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AND A SHINING  
PLACE WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT--..." "I HAD A DREAM  
LIKE THAT, I THINK," SAYS LOTHAR.



"WE ALL HAD A SIMILAR DREAM--ABOUT A KINGDOM  
OF MARVEL--WAS IT A DREAM--OR REAL? DOESN'T  
SEEM REAL, AND YET--" SAYS MANDRAKE.  
THEY'LL NEVER BE SURE!

NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE




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Designed for  
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MODEL"  
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Essential beauty aids ...  
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# ANNIE GET YOUR GUN



**QUICK OFF THE MARK** . . . Betty Hutton as Annie Oakley, lovable backwoods girl of "Annie Get Your Gun," who can't get her man with a gun, shows here how she eventually gets him with glamor.

+ + +

**"I'M AN INDIAN, TOO."** . . . Singing with a group of Indians, Betty Hutton (centre) puts over the Irving Berlin number during her induction as the daughter of Chief Sitting Bull of the Sioux tribe.

## Musical in Technicolor

**B**ROADWAY'S outstanding musical-comedy hit "Annie Get Your Gun" comes to the screen from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios as a technicolor extravaganza of the late 1800's.

The film shows high-spots in the career of the Ohio backwoods girl Annie Oakley, who became the world's champion markswoman with Buffalo Bill's Original Wild West Show and climaxed her career with a command performance for Queen Victoria.

Dynamic actress Betty Hutton scores a personal triumph in the title role, and the part of Frank Butler is played by newcomer Howard Keel, brought to the screen from his success as the London lead of "Oklahoma!" There is a strong supporting cast.



**SHARPSHOOTERS.** Howard Keel, handsome singing star of "Annie Get Your Gun," and Betty Hutton, as the unkempt, awkward, hillbilly Annie, get set for their first shooting match, which leads to Annie joining Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. With them is Benay Venuta (left), who plays a troupe member.







SEE THE VIEW...



## WITHOUT THE GLARE



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"Polaroid "336" Day Glasses - smart and fashionable.

"Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields absorb harmful glare, allowing only true light and colour through to your eyes. You see everything without glare or distortion... there's no dim-out or dulling... every detail, every colour is revealed with vivid clarity. Furthermore, no other sun glasses or sunshields have the unique Light Polarisation qualities of genuine "Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields, so, for your own protection, always make this simple "identification" test when buying genuine "Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields.

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**Chases Dirt!**



**1 ARRIVING** at a cafe in Kabarta, archaeologist David Redfern (Trevor Howard) meets proprietress Anna (Anouk). David's mission is to supervise antique collection.



**2 INTRODUCED** by Ango (Wilfred Hyde-White) to Anna's brother Max (Jacques Sernas) and Rankl (Herbert Lom), David recognises them as two coastal gun-runners.

## GOLDEN SALAMANDER



**BRITISH** director Ronald Neame achieves a major ambition with "Golden Salamander." It is a film of his own choice, directed by himself for his own company.

Neame goes to North Africa to tell a tense story of intrigue and action. This is in keeping with his expressed belief that "films should be movies, not talkies," and that a film's advantage on the stage is that "it can take an audience anywhere in the world."

**3 GOLDEN SALAMANDER** inscribed "not by ignoring evil does one overcome it" inspires David to act on knowledge.

Anouk, 17-year-old French girl, makes her debut in "Golden Salamander," co-starring with veteran star Trevor Howard.



**4 SUSPECTING** that Max is leaving the country, following a warning from David, Rankl has the boy murdered.



**5 GENDARME DOUVET** (Miles Maleson) fails to act when David reports Max's death. He is dominated by wealthy Serafis (Walter Rilla), who is gang leader.



**6 CAPTURED** by Rankl, who has orders to kill him, David, now an angry, bitter man of direct action, escapes and goes to Anna as the only person whom he can trust. Rankl follows and corners them.



**7 FORCED** at gunpoint to return with Anna to Serafis' villa, David realises resistance is useless, but bides his time, grimly determined to win the day. He now knows that Serafis is the real leader of the gun-running gang.



**8 FIGHT** breaks out at villa. David escapes and exposes Serafis to grateful authorities, then he and Anna look forward to happiness together.



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Luxurious fabrics in tasteful new colours.

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★ The most natural-looking wave you've ever seen . . . no frizz, no kinks, and so easy to manage!

★ Gentler conditioning action plus extra penetration . . . for long-lasting wave beauty.

★ 22% more effective wave lotion for a stronger, springier wave.

*It's the  
WAVING LOTION  
that makes all the  
difference!*

*Only kit  
to include  
SPECIAL CREME  
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In Each Kit You Get—  
1 large bottle Creme Waving Lotion; 1 bottle Creme Rinse (enough for 2 waves); Neutraliser; 60 Plastic Curling Rods in 2 sizes—standard and extra long; generous supply of longer End Papers; Rubber Bands; fully illustrated Instruction Book.

Richard Hudnut REFILL KITS contain exactly the same Creme Waving Lotion as in the full Kit. If you already own or can borrow a set of Plastic Curlers, you can use a Richard Hudnut Refill for your next wave and get the advantages of this 22% more effective lotion.



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Treat yourself to your dream wave . . . ask to see the Richard Hudnut Home Perm Kit to-day—at chemists and selected Department Stores.

**Richard Hudnut**  
**HOME PERM KIT**

THE KIT WITH THE **22%** MORE EFFECTIVE WAVING LOTION

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 2, 1950





JURORS in the film "Justice is Done" are sworn in for the trial of Elsa Lundenstein, who is accused of murder. It is a mercy killing case, and the seven jurors take their oath "to judge without hate or spite, without fear or favor, but according to their conscience and conviction with the impartiality and steadfastness that benefit honest and free men."

## French film judged best of year

A French film, "Justice is Done," has won the award as the best film of 1950 at the International Film Festival of Venice.

Among the world's critics, who flocked to Venice to see the cream of the world's current movie production, this was a popular decision.

**A**PART from the brilliance of its dialogue, the impeccability of its presentation, and the excellence of the photography, the film is full of rich ironies and of superb observation.

The subject of "Justice Is Done" is exceedingly dramatic. The core of the whole film is contained in a small departmental court of justice, where a woman is on trial for murdering her lover. All the action revolves around this woman, Elsa Lundenstein (played by Mlle Claude Nollier), who put an end to the sufferings of her lover at his own request. He was dying slowly, terribly, of cancer of the throat.

This drama is based on a case of euthanasia (mercy killing) which was before a court in Aix-en-Provence in 1938. It was written and directed by Andre Cayatte, a former barrister who turned journalist, then writer, and finally came to directing his own scenarios eight

years ago. His previous most recent successes had been "The Lovers of Verona" and "Return to Life," both successful with critics and box-office alike.

Cayatte's training and background as a lawyer give the film a masterly, mirror-clear authenticity. Though the whole plot pivots about the development of the trial in the courtroom, it moves with crisp lucidity from point to point to a magnificent climax.

Seven people from different classes of French society are chosen for the jury. Their problem is our problem. This is not a case of deciding whether the woman doctor, Elsa Lundenstein, did kill or not. It is, instead, a case of deciding what her exact motives and feelings were, and if we can determine these, what justice we are to mete out to her. In this way, it poses a question directly at our own individual conscience.

And it does this in a brilliant way. It connects the problem with us through the thoughts and reactions and the private lives of the seven members of the jury.

Each believes himself or herself to be fair-minded. Each has to decide whether this woman killed her former lover out of pity, or to gain financially from his will, or to be free from the torture of seeing him suffer any longer—or finally to be rid of a sufferer weighing on her conscience, her love for whom is dying with him, because another man has come into her life. And after deciding that, each has to decide how she should be punished in the eyes of society and the law.

The irony deepens as we look into the lives of the jury. One is a rugged peasant who believes his wife is deceiving him, and yet has to judge impartially the woman before him.

Another has betrayed a girl in order to make a fashionable marriage. He ignores her letters and warnings, and she commits suicide. He should have her death on his conscience.

Another is a decent husband tortured by a private tragedy. His small son is demented. Every day the father and mother live in terror of a new outbreak of violence—another story of a little girl next door brutally attacked, or the sudden

From **BILL STRUTTON**,  
in Venice

wrecking of everything breakable within reach of the child's frenzy.

There comes a time when they think they cannot go on. From the boy's room comes the sound of splintering glass. His mother rushes to the door, but her husband, for a moment, stops her. "Let him go on," he says. They look into each other's eyes, and she reads the despairing wish that the child will kill himself.

But the film does not suggest that all these cases are normal. There is, for instance, the retired army officer who runs his home and family like a military barracks. Everything he does is in the light of what is "duty." He is pompous, prejudiced, judges everything according to army rule, but, underneath it all, well-meaning. How can he judge what were the genuine motives of a woman, a complete stranger, in the brief space of time of a trial?

Then there is the antique dealer, an elegant woman now past 40, whose sole companion is a poodle dog. Against all her commonsense she falls in love with a young man staying at the hotel and attending the trial, who turns out to be the accused woman's new lover. Despite the bitterness of this discovery, she votes the woman "not guilty." Beside human love, she says, love for a dog is a poor thing.

### Motive not revealed

**T**HE kindly old judge leads the jurors into the jury room, lights his pipe, and talks the case over with them. But it is evident that in spite of his efforts to shed the clear light of reason on the issue which confronts them, each individual's attitude to life, his religion, emotion, conscience, prejudices, cloud their efforts to arrive at a verdict that is morally just.

Finally, by a small margin, they declare her "Guilty." Her sentence is five years.

Their decision and sentence is ludicrously indecisive. With seven other jurors, their lives influenced by other circumstances, it might have been different.

The accused is led away. No one will ever know what was really in her mind when she ended the sufferings of her former lover. Was her motive guilty or humane? However, the film remarks ironically, justice is done.

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men asking 'Are you engaged for this?' 'Can I have this dance, please?' I did not know what to do, as I could not dance with the lot of them at once. I simply love dancing now, thanks to you. One man told me at the last dance that he could dance with me forever."—M.E. (Miss), Wyndham, N.S.W.

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What a pleasant surprise their prices are,  
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Sturdy leather uppers, padded by crepe or leather soles, in Tan and Black. Sizes 7-12.

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Little miss's slipper in quilted felt, with leather soles and cushioned platform. Red and Blue. Sizes 7-1.

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## The General's Lady

Continued from page 7

AS soon as the ball was in quiet water, two Air Force mechanics swarmed on to it and unscrewed the single port at its top. Through this, after only a slight pause, came Bobo. In one hand he carried a large canvas bag with a drawstring top. A mechanic attempted to relieve him of it, but Bobo tucked it securely under his arm.

"Stay here," said Jim. "I've got to help him fend off the reporters. Then I'll bring him on board."

Three-quarters of an hour went by before the Press and the photographers were satisfied. Even so, when Bobo and her brother came back on board, the Assistant Secretary accompanied them.

"Wonderful thing the general has done," said the Assistant Secretary. "Great contribution."

"I'm sure it is," Daisy said.

"If we take off at two," he said to Bobo, "we can be in Washington and go over the whole thing with the boss this afternoon."

"Right."  
"We'll have to think of the public-relations angle pretty carefully. . . Any ideas, Jim?"

Her brother and the Assistant Secretary moved to the other side of the deck. Daisy and Bobo were alone.

"What's all this about going back to Washington? I thought we were going to spend three or four days up here all by ourselves."

"It developed a little differently. They think I ought to make a personal report at once."

"What about our second honeymoon? I suppose that's not important."

"This is practically an order. I can't say no."

"What do they want you to do now? Learn lion taming or have yourself shot out of a cannon?"

"You talk as if this was just a stunt."

"Wasn't it?"

"Anything but."  
The boat docked at the little pier and they got off. Daisy, thinking of the room with a view of the Falls, was close to angry tears.

"I suppose we'll go right over to the airport," Bobo said awkwardly.

"No one's stopping you."

"Daisy—"

"Don't say it. Don't tell me everything's wonderful, but it's such a big secret that I'll have to read it in the newspapers."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "there's no reason why you shouldn't hear about it now. It's all in here." He patted the canvas bag under his arm.

"What is?"

"A Geiger counter. I had a hunch, from certain indications, that there might be radioactive material in the rock face under the Falls. That's one of the reasons why we made the ball so big. It gave us a chance to soundproof it, so I could listen to the reaction without being deafened by the roar of the water."

Daisy was impressed. "How did it come out?"

"Terrific. Sounded like eight monkeys rewriting Dickens on electric typewriters. There must be a vein of pitchblende under there."

"Is that good?"

"Couldn't be better. Ninety to ninety-five per cent. pure uranium. It increases our atomic-energy potential enormously, and, incidentally, puts the Air Force on top of the biggest development so far."

"Wonderful," said Daisy doubtfully. "But I don't see how you're going to get at it."

"We'll solve that," Bobo told her. "At least, the engineers will. I've got to go now. And don't worry. We'll be back here in a couple of weeks."

As a matter of fact, it was more nearly a month before they returned, and the intervening time

was loud with controversy, in and out of Congress.

Just how the new source of atomic energy could be put to use, the Air Force and the Atomic Energy Commission kept their own counsel, maintaining an air of preoccupied secrecy. But there were conferences with the State of New York and with the Canadian authorities, and it was indicated that all would be revealed at a public ceremony the Air Force proposed to hold at Niagara Falls on June first. General Littlefield, appropriately, was to make the principal address.

For this occasion, Daisy and Bobo went up to Buffalo by train the day before. It was a chance to be off by themselves. They found a good hotel on the Canadian side, and engaged a room with a view of the Falls.

It was here, the next morning, as they sat having breakfast in front of a window, that Daisy saw her husband's eye roam guiltily toward his briefcase.

"How do you feel about your speech?" she asked, with the intuition of a good wife.

"Nervous as a cat."

"No good?"

"One of Jim's better efforts. It's only that I never did like to make speeches."

"Get it out now and go over it. I'll look at the paper."

BOBO took up the thin sheaf of typewritten pages, and as he ran his eyes along the lines he saw his lips testing the rhythm. Going through her New York newspaper of the night before she came to Hank Burton's syndicated column. At the end of the piece, under the subhead Special Forecast, one of Hank's come-ons, was a paragraph in italics. It read:

General Littlefield's address at Niagara Falls to-morrow will rock the nation. One of the most explosive speeches ever made from a public platform in this country, it will propose the destruction of a natural wonder, dear to generations of Americans, for the alleged purpose of reaching the uranium ore said to have been discovered by Littlefield in his joy ride over the Falls. Watch how people react to this one.

She read it twice, and then passed it over to Bobo. "What's he talking about?"

"Search me."

"Let me see the speech."

"Not now," he hedged.

"Then there is something to it?"

"Look." He drew her to the window and put his arm around her shoulder. "There's a difference between changing something and destroying it. Suppose the Falls, instead of being where they are now, were moved below the Rainbow Bridge."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Our proposal is to divert the channel of the upper Niagara at the upstream end of Goat Island. We build a dam there, and dig a new river bed to bring the water over the cliffs farther down. It'll be just as good, and maybe even better, more spectacular, because we can build it that way."

"But why?"

"How else can we get at the pitchblende?"

"Do you have to?"

"Be sensible. Of course we have to. It's potentially one of the greatest sources of atomic energy we have."

"I'm sick of hearing about atomic energy, and how everything has to be different just because somebody split an atom."



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S.R. 47, W.W. 142g

Please turn to page 66



# Down to the sea in Speedo

Speedo is ready to plunge you into Summer with sensational new beachwear styles designed to make a man show up at his best on the beach. These are the newest ideas from California and Hawaii; faultlessly cut, precision tailored by Speedo and **velanised** . . . they shed water like a duck's back. Ask to see them now at your favourite men's store.



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Top right: "Beach Mates". Speedo's new matching beach coat and beach shorts. Beach coat matches boxer shorts in all colours. Buy them separately or as a set, whichever you prefer. Both velanised.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 2, 1950



# The UNKNOWN DISCIPLE

PART FOUR

MARCUS ADONIAS, young son of Roman Governor VALERIUS GRATUS and his Jewish favorite MICOL, is banished from Rome to Judaea because of his love affair with VARILIA, young wife of his elderly relative VALERIUS MESSALA.

However, Marcus is to have a chance to redeem himself. As soon as he arrives in Jerusalem with MEGACLES, his tutor, and SIMON, his faithful Hebrew slave, the Governor, PONTIUS PILATUS, appoints him a cavalry commander under the tribune SISENNIUS PANSIA. His special assignment is to wipe out a band of fanatical hill bandits led by ELEAZAR.

Highly elated, Marcus prepares operations against the bandits, then is horrified when their delegate, sent by Eleazar to treat with him, proves to be his mother, Micol, who was forced to flee soon after his birth.

Micol implores Marcus to join Eleazar's band and take on their faith. Marcus refuses, and, later, torn by conflicting loyalties, gets lost in the desert but is rescued and comforted by a strange young Jew.

Meanwhile, Varilia, banished also from Rome to Rhegium, has started on her journey into exile.

Now read on—

By FRANCESCO PERRI

VARILIA was surprised and delighted at the kindness shown her as her journey progressed. When the passage of the caravan belonging to the great lady, banished from Rome, was signalled, the country folk did all in their power to assist her.

The shepherds and graziers brought milk and young lambs, and helped the slaves in the fording of the swollen streams, while the womenfolk of the villages through which the road led offered charms, delicate terracotta figures, and flowers.

There were still many who remembered having seen pass by, on the same road and in the same circumstances, Julia, the daughter of the Emperor Augustus.

They greeted Varilia with every sign of real affection, wishing her, in their soft Greek dialect, a speedy return. They knew that her predecessor had never seen Rome again.

When at length the little cavalcade reached Rhegium, spring was at the height of its splendor, and the tiny bay on which the town was built resembled a corner in the Garden of the Hesperides rather than a place of punishment.

The house assigned to Varilia as her residence was that in which Julia had died: It was a sumptuous two-storied villa, set in large gardens and commanding a magnificent view out over the sea.

When Varilia's waggon drew up in front of the villa, the custodian, a man called Hemo, ran to open the gates. He had known and served Augustus' daughter in that same house to the day of her death.

"Greetings, my Lady!" he said, helping Varilia to descend from her compartment. "Welcome to Rhegium, and may Diana Fescennia bestow her blessing on you! I have prepared for you the apartments of Mistress Julia, and I hope you will be as content with my services as she was while she lived."

The slaves of the household had

also gathered to view the new tenant from a respectful distance.

The women slaves especially welcomed her with smiles and every indication of their pity and attachment. Then a smiling young girl, her arms full of flowers, came from behind the shrubs towards Varilia.

"My Lady," she said, "these flowers are for you! I bid you welcome. I am Jocasta, daughter of Hemo, your servant. I have been looking forward with joy to your coming, and I do so much want to attend on you!"

Surprised and touched, Varilia accepted the flowers, greatly comforted by the warmth of her reception.

On the afternoon of the same day the commander of the garrison paid a formal call upon Varilia and made her acquainted with the orders he had received concerning her detention.

She was to enjoy complete personal liberty and all amenities, on condition that she never went beyond the boundaries of the town of Rhegium.

WITHIN a week, however, Varilia had definitely made up her mind to escape, and by hook or by crook to rejoin Marcus. How and when she did not yet know. Only of one thing was she sure—she was going to get away from Rhegium and rejoin Marcus.

Early in June she received two letters that hastened her decision. The first, from Marcus, was very despondent. It had been written shortly after he had met his mother and passed the night in the desert cave with the young, unknown man who had so impressed him. Lonely and worried, he was pining for her.

The other, dated several weeks later, was from the wife of Pontius Pilatus. She had learned from her husband's intelligence reports that just about that time an extraordinary individual had appeared in Galilee, and was curing sick people by a mere touch of his hand.



"Are you the leader of this band?" Varilia demanded, staring in horror at Eleazar.

Everyone was saying he must be the Messiah, but she herself suspected he must be Dionysus, because anyone who went to him with any kind of trouble came away consoled.

If Claudia's letter inspired Varilia with a lively sense of interest and curiosity, the news from Marcus greatly depressed her. The night she received it she shut herself in her room and wept long and bitterly. How was she to get to him? Every plan she had been able to think of proved on examination to be more futile than the one before.

She was sleepless all the night, unable to discover any solution. Next morning she went to the temple of Diana Fescennia to invoke the help of the goddess.

It was market day. Slaves were being sold in a corner of the square opposite the temple. Varilia, who was accompanied by her own personal slave Joessa, and the girl Jocasta, stopped to watch what was happening.

She noticed a Syrian slave, offered for sale at six thousand sesterces, and went to read the label that hung on the young woman's breast:

"PUNISSA. Aged twenty-two. Formerly temple dancer at Hieapolis..." Then followed a number of her various qualifications.

"Look, Domina, anyone would say she was your double!" said Joessa timidly.

In fact, the resemblance was most striking. She had the same dark eyes, the same pale complexion, the same full lips. Her lustrous black hair hung in a fringe over her forehead, which, like her cheek-bones, bore high up a tiny, delicately executed bluish tattoo mark representing the star of Ishtar.

Please turn to page 58

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D4/120

Page 57



## The Armhole Scarf



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DERMASAN LOTION is now available as a replacement in an individual carton, 12/6.

## The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 57

FOR a minute or so Varilia stood there absorbed in thought. Then, of a sudden, she reached over and touched the girl on the shoulder, saying to the vendor: "I will buy this slave! Come to my villa to collect the price!"

She had found the solution that she had been seeking for two months.

That same evening two urgent letters were entrusted to the master of a ship that was about to sail for Caesarea—one was for Marcus, the other for Claudia. At the same time the doctor, Cyparissus, set out for Rome, carrying a letter for Varilia's most influential friend, Urgulania.

Then began a time of mysterious activities in the villa. For several days Varilia kept altogether to her rooms and never appeared outside. Together with Joessa, Punissa, and young Jocasta, she was busy with all sorts of preparations.

The other slaves, who caught sight of her at odd moments, at meal-times or in her bath, noticed something that did not accord with their mistress' usual habits. Varilia, never prone to frivolities, had always disdained to use beauty treatments or any form of cosmetic.

Yet she was now seen with thin slices of raw meat strapped to her forehead and cheeks—a means of conserving the freshness and suppleness of the skin that was very generally employed by matrons of the Roman aristocracy.

After ten days Cyparissus returned from Rome, with a letter from Urgulania, and accompanied by a man who announced himself as a Levantine merchant. The two had a long private interview with Varilia. After that the merchant was not seen again until the next day of the slave market.

Urgulania's letter read as follows:

We have been delighted to hear from you and have been thrilled to learn of your decision. For my part, as you well know, I have always been in favor of bold courses, so I approve your plan. The man who will accompany Cyparissus is a freed slave of my own.

He has strict orders to place

himself entirely at your disposal. A ship is leaving Ostia to-day and will anchor off the port of Locri towards the end of this week. You know the password. May the goddess Abcona favor you and the Punicen aid you. Vale!

The slave market was held twice each month on the square before the temple of Diana Fescennia. On the day of the second sale of the month Punissa was by Varilia's orders taken to the market place by Cyparissus to be sold again.

It was understood at the villa that she would be bought by the Levantine who had returned with Cyparissus from Rome, and that he would be at the villa that same evening to pay for her and take her away.

It was growing dusk when the man presented himself at a side gate that opened out of the garden, driving a light open two-wheeled horse carriage. He was conducted to Varilia's boudoir and remained there in conversation for some time.

When the Syrian slave was about to leave a rather strange thing happened.

She was wearing a very beautiful Oriental costume, and round her head was fastened a red silk veil that set off to perfection her pale face and dark eyes. On her forehead the little star of Venus showed like a dark flower. Jocasta, who was standing in the doorway, went to meet her as she approached.

"Good-bye, my little Jocasta! I can trust you, can I not?"

"Domina, you can trust me to the death! May Diana Fescennia lead you safely to your destiny, and may you sometimes remember the little Jocasta that loved you. And now, Domina, will you grant me a great favor?"

Jocasta's voice was pleading, and for a moment the other looked at her curiously. Then she undid a pearl necklace she was wearing and offered it to the girl. "Take this!" she said.

"Ah! no, Domina! The gift I want is something quite different! Will you let me give you a kiss?"

They embraced warmly, and the slave kissed her on both cheeks. "But you must take this, too!" And she pressed the necklace into her hand. "Now, again good-bye, Jocasta! I am counting on you!"

She ran to the little trap and climbed in beside the Levantine. A crack of the whip and it disappeared in the gathering shadows.

There was deep silence, and it seemed as if, once she had gone, no one remained in the villa. It was a glorious June evening. The sea was as smooth as oil, and there was not a breath of wind.

On such warm evenings it often happened that Varilia liked to be taken for a row in a boat with one or two of her servants, Cyparissus usually acting as boatman. Sometimes they would go for considerable distances, more often than not in the direction of the famous Scylla rocks.

There was, therefore, nothing unusual in the fact of Joessa going to the doctor with a message from her mistress to have the boat ready for another moonlight excursion.

"You may tell the Domina," said the Greek, "that the boat is ready now, and I shall wait for her down at the landing-place."

A little later the lady appeared, accompanied by Joessa and Jocasta. The boat pulled off and headed out to sea.

Time went on, the moon was setting, and there was no sign of the boat's return. When the third hour passed the servants at the villa began to be alarmed. They were on the point of summoning the slaves to launch another boat and go in search when they heard the sound of someone running in the roadway, then clamoring at the gate.

Hemo rushed to open and Jocasta staggered in sobbing and moaning, exhausted, hair and clothing in disorder, dripping wet: "The Lady Varilia has been devoured by the hounds of Scylla! They are all drowned . . . all . . . save me!"

At once the villa was in a turmoil. Jocasta, half stupefied and with chattering teeth, could give but one answer to all questions: "The hounds of Scylla! The hounds of Scylla!"

Little by little, however, they managed to extract from her some details. The boat had made a wide circuit seaward and turned, not far from the Scylla reef, towards the Italian shore, intending to keep within sight of that shore on the homeward journey.

They had gone some way when suddenly an on-shore breeze had sprung up and Cyparissus had had some difficulty in keeping a course.

Then, as Jocasta described it, "without warning, the terrible monster that lay in wait for navigators had emerged from the water, overturned the craft, and swallowed all that were in it." All that is, except herself. She had been able to swim ashore.

Her story was accepted by the superstitious majority. The sceptics interpreted it as the not uncommon fatality of a laden boat striking a submerged rock and sinking rapidly. There were many such dangers in the vicinity of the dreaded reef.

It was, of course, necessary to inform the garrison commander at once of the tragedy. He lost no time in turning out a party of his men who quickly procured several boats, and though it was now past midnight set out for the scene of the disaster, guided by Jocasta wrapped in a heavy army cloak.

After searching for some time with the help of flaming torches, one boat sighted and picked up a pair of oars, while another found floating far from the beach Varilia's palla or woollen wrap, and a mantle that had belonged to Cyparissus.

All around was silence except for the occasional splash of eddying currents at the foot of the Scylla's rock.

"The monster," said the soldiers, "is satisfied. It has eaten its fill for to-night!"

Meantime the little carriage with the supposed Punissa and her escort was speeding southward through the night. By dawn they were beyond the bounds of the territory of Rhegium and they stopped at a little temple of Venus where Cyparissus and the two slave girls were to rejoin Varilia.

It meant a journey of some twenty-five miles, but the three accomplished it by nightfall. Together then they made their way on to the port of Locri and there boarded the vessel that Urgulania had told Varilia to take.

Meantime, a special courier was on his way from Rhegium to Rome with the news that Varilia, wife of Valerius Messala, exiled and residing there, had, in the course of a nocturnal excursion by boat, ventured too close to the reefs of Scylla and, having been attacked by the hounds of the monster, had met a terrible death.

The news spread like lightning through Rome. Urgulania published it far and wide, and the initiates of Lollius's little sanctuary offered many sacrifices to the Shades of the deceased. The Emperor at Capri was informed.

As no one thought of expressing any doubts on the matter, no further inquiries were made. Valerius Messala was gracious enough to hang some branches of cypress in front of his house on the Caelian Hill.

After a week or so the sad affair was largely forgotten, and in the hectic life of the capital none thought much more about it.

Please turn to page 60



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sees it poisoning some of his workmates. He saw it in its more open form in Korea and in those many once-free lands whose peoples have been brought to bondage—because they could not defend themselves, because they left preparedness too late.

There is yet time to prevent war. But only if Australia and the other free democratic nations quickly determine to build up their armed strength sufficiently to deter and discourage the forces of aggression from plunging the world into chaos.

If your son joins one of the services, or only takes up part-time training, he is facing reality, playing his manly, *Australian* part in making Australia strong, because he loves Australia and all that it means to him.

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## The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 58

WHEN the escort that had accompanied Marcus Adonias to the parley with Eleazar's delegate returned to Jerusalem without its officer and under the command of Troop-Leader Tricongus, Sisennius Pansa was greatly embarrassed.

He regretted having entrusted such a delicate mission to one so young and inexperienced, and feared that the lad, anxious to distinguish himself and to show how fearless he was, must have let himself be drawn into some rash adventure by the cunning of the brigand's representative, with the result that he had fallen into a trap.

He took steps at once to organise a search, turning out the whole squadron, Half, under the Centurion Cornelius, was to make a sweep round Bethlehem and comb the hills down to the Dead Sea. He himself, with the remainder, would make a similar sweep round Jericho to the Jordan Valley. The two parties would meet near the river.

Shortly after dawn the following morning they met Marcus, in company with a stranger, not far from the huts at the ford of Bethabara.

Marcus explained that the first attempts at a parley having proved abortive, he had thought it best to endeavor to make a fresh attempt, and had gone on alone. Darkness fell, and he lost his way, finally spent the night with the young Jew, who, he thought, must be either a learned Hellenist or else a Rabbi and an expert in the Law.

He was now of the opinion that further attempts at negotiation would be fruitless, and he proposed to commence at once the active operations ordered by Pontius Pilatus.

Pansa rated him soundly for being so childish as to imagine he could conduct such negotiations by himself, without any force behind him.

"Remember," he said, "the best way to bring your opponent to reason is to make it clear to him that he has no choice in the matter. Moreover, never forget that Orientals are treacherous and that to forgo the use of force with those people is to deliver yourself into their hands."

Marcus had to accept in silence both the reproof and the advice, not daring to confide his secret to the young Tribune. But he was impatient to return to Jerusalem and seek counsel of old Megacles.

Whilst the night-long colloquy with the Rabbi had provided an intellectual solace by opening up new and wider vistas of thought, the burden of the present and the future lay heavily upon him.

Megacles' face showed his astonishment and deep concern when he heard Marcus' story.

"You see, my son, how we are toys in the hands of Chance. No other God could be so malevolent in predisposing circumstances against us! For my part, I have trembled for you ever since you first spoke of trying to find your mother. Behind every ambition or desire of ours there lurks a watchful cause of pain and sorrow!"

Marcus gave him a full account of the meeting with his mother, of her proposals, and of how he had rejected them. Then he spoke of his being found by the mysterious initiate, in the desert, of his spending the night in his company, and of the advice given him by his rescuer.

"I don't think much," said Megacles, "of the intelligence of these Jews, but whoever gave you that advice was a wise man. The best thing you can do to induce your mother to join you, or at any rate to save her from the horrible torture of the cross, is to destroy Eleazar's

band of Zealots and so make it impossible for her to figure as a rebel."

Marcus was very glad to find that the advice of the unknown man of the desert agreed so well with the views of Megacles. He at once proceeded, in concert with Pansa, to draw up a plan of operations, but, before putting it in action, he wrote an impassioned letter to his mother and charged Saramalla, the banker, to see it was delivered to her personally and in secret.

In it he adjured her by her own God to leave the brigands and not place her son in the agonising situation of having to use force against the woman who had borne him.

He begged her once more to come and live with him, promising that at the slightest sign from her he would procure a safe-conduct enabling her to rejoin him.

He received no reply. Accordingly one morning early he rode at the head of the squadron out of the Golden Gate and made for the hills above Jericho, where it was reported that a detachment of the brigands had established a centre from which they were raiding caravans, and especially the transport of the Jerusalem garrison.

Disposing his men fanwise in three groups, Marcus systematically pressed the rebels back to the large cave that was their refuge. There were only about thirty of them in the net, but they made a furious resistance. Almost all were destroyed.

Four or five only managed to escape. Four were captured alive and taken in chains to the Antonia Tower. Next morning they were crucified before the Golden Gate.



"Yeah—he was here—'bout six feet tall, heavy build, black hair, bushy beard, wearin' a fur-cap and checked mackinaw—"

The effect on Jerusalem was calamitous. For two whole days the victims hung, groaning and lamenting on their crosses, disturbing even the solemn services in the Temple.

It was the time of the Feast commemorating Moses' receipt, from the hands of his God, of the Tables of the Law. The large crowd of pilgrims were in a state of ferment, and over the whole city hung a pall of gloom and consternation. It looked as though one of those sudden revolts for which the Hebrews were famous might break out at any moment.

But the presence of Pontius Pilatus, who had come from Caesarea for the festival, struck such terror into the Zealots that none dared move.

Marcus Adonias, however, had become the object of an implacable hatred shared by all sects and classes, so much so indeed that Pilatus gave peremptory orders to Pansa that the young officer was never to be allowed out unless provided with an escort.

The Zealots had determined to get rid of him. He, the son of a Jewess and himself circumcised, had assumed responsibility for carrying out the orders of Pontius Pilatus, the bitterest enemy of Messianism and the Jewish people. He would be dealt with accordingly.

The constant vigilance of the Romans and the excellence of Pilatus' intelligence service had almost

completely paralysed all activities of the Zealots within Jerusalem itself, and in so doing had greatly reduced their numbers.

But those who remained in the city were fanatics, nursing their hate like a hidden flame, and always in touch with Eleazar and the active members of their organisation in the country. They held one large meeting in each year, during the Feast.

Each year a different meeting-place was chosen and communicated to delegates only at the last moment. In these reunions ideas were exchanged and plans discussed, whilst the participants received as it were a viaticum of hatred that kept them going until the following year.

Twin souls of these gatherings were Phannuel, son of Caiaphas, and Glaphira, daughter of Saramalla. The latter especially, a determined and ambitious young woman, would do anything that was likely to help in expelling the Romans.

This year, Zealots to the number of about two hundred were meeting shortly before midnight in the lonely Cave of Jeremiah, only a few miles outside the city, on the evening of the day of the Feast.

There was always a spice of drama on these occasions. Those present were for the most part people who for a whole year had been shut up alone with their secret and their hatred, and these, like all concealed passions, tended to become uncontrollable and irrational.

There was, too, the fact that Messianic expectations had this year been brought to the highest pitch by the preaching of the Baptist. So the meeting from the start resembled a concourse of wild beasts.

Almost all who were there had still ringing in their ears the cries of the crucified brigands. Mention of the name of Marcus Adonias brought foam to the mouths of those who uttered it.

"He must be killed!" proclaimed Glaphira.

"Cut the throat of that son of Micol!" roared the meeting, as with one voice. In the torchlight eyes flashed with savage fury.

"Who will volunteer to accomplish this act of vengeance?" asked Glaphira. "I offer fifty shekels of silver to whoever will do it!"

"I will! I will kill him!" said one of her audience, stepping forward.

The speaker was a thin but wiry young man, with a hatchet face, a pointed beard, and the eyes of a fanatic. He was a native of Keriot and for a year or more he had been drifting from one employment to another without ever being able to settle to anything. He was always wanting to do something great, but could never decide just what this should be.

Shortly before this he had been engaged by Saramalla as a clerk in his money-changing office, but, as usual, he tired of the work, and was taken by old Gamaliel as an assistant in his shop.

On the day that he had left the money-changing office, Saramalla, who was an excellent judge of men, said to Phannuel and Glaphira: "Mark my words, my children, that fellow will serve many masters! If ever you want to use a traitor, always choose a fanatic!"

Glaphira recognised him at once, and also remembered her father's words. No one could be better fitted than this man to strike the blow.

"Ah! it is you, Judas of Keriot!" she said with her most alluring smile. "You are a true son of Israel! Where are you working now? We've never seen you since you left the bank."

Please turn to page 61

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# The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 60

JUDAS said, "I'm with Gamaliel, but who wants to be weaving mats at a time like this? The Messiah will swoop from the sky like an eagle and we shall not be ready to receive him. I prefer the cross to this inactivity! I'll kill him, that renegade Jew!"

Then he looked around him to see what impression his words had made on his auditors, for, like all fanatics, Judas was somewhat histrionic.

"The Messiah," said Glaphira, "will be sure to select you for distinction among the children of the Chosen People, and you will certainly stand at his side! Come to see me to-morrow and I will give you in advance the fifty shekels that I promised!"

Several weeks passed, but Judas, though he had received from Glaphira the fifty shekels and also a nice new dagger, had not yet been able to make up his mind to fulfil his part of the bargain.

With time to meditate on the consequences of such an act, he lost his bearings and his courage. He began by asking himself how far the liquidation of Marcus Adonias was likely to prove effective—what was going to be the reaction of Pilatus?

Then again, how would his suppression of Marcus fit in with the secret aspirations he had so long cherished? He had never aspired to become just a common murderer.

Then his mood changed again. He felt he must play his part; had he not an obligation to fulfil? Very well. He would await the favorable moment. That moment would come when the circumstances forced him to act in spite of himself.

One evening Marcus had paid a visit to Miriam of Magdala. Ever since the meeting with his mother he had felt so keen a desire for sympathy and understanding that an hour or so in company with this warm-hearted woman had been a great comfort to him.

On this occasion he stayed until a late hour and all their talk had been of Vanilia. Towards midnight, when he was standing at the door about to take his leave, he saw the two men of his escort at grips outside the gate with a third person.

Miriam and he went to investigate. The two soldiers, one of whom was Tricongius, had firm hold of a young Jew who was struggling like a demon and uttering wild threats. Quickly they disarmed him. Powerless and panting, he glared around him with hatred in his eyes.

It was Judas of Keriot. "Well," said Marcus, addressing the man, "I suppose you wanted to kill me?"

"Yes!" muttered Judas sullenly.

"And who told you to do it?"

"No one! . . . My own conscience! You are the enemy of the people of Israel, and I have a right to kill you!"

"Judas, you wretch!" broke in Miriam. "Only Satan could put such an idea into your head!"

"Let him go!" ordered Marcus, but Tricongius only gave the man's arm another twist.

"Sir," he said, "you cannot do that! This man was trying to kill you, he must suffer for it!"

"Let him go!" repeated Marcus. "He's not the kind to try it again, and I don't feel like being too particular about trifles this evening."

Tricongius relaxed his hold and Judas made off in the direction of the garden clustering round the bare summit of the hill called Gologtha.

He felt profoundly humiliated by Marcus' contemptuous treatment of him and his humiliation was all the greater because he had been driven by Glaphira to make the attempt that night after all his own personal convictions had evaporated.

Sitting now in that garden on Gologtha, with the bright moonlight throwing into sharp relief the shapes of the great towers and the far-

distant profiles of the hills, he contemplated with disgust the few small coins that still remained in his wallet out of the price paid him by Glaphira for his crime.

Why had he ever accepted that money? It burned the palm of his hand like a live coal. If he had not accepted it, at least his humiliation would not have been so ignominious and his bargain would have been less contemptible, less servile.

Why had he not gone to John the Baptist, the new Prophet? Perhaps this John, by purifying him in the water of the Jordan, might have put him on the right road and brought him to a state of grace while awaiting the coming of God's Kingdom. He was so sorry for himself that he flung the coins into the bushes, buried his face in his hands, and began to weep.

Suddenly a fearsome thought made him leap to his feet as if galvanised. Marcus Adonias had scornfully let him go free. It was unlikely that he would take any further steps in the matter. But what of Tricongius, whom he had recognised and knew for a merciless bully of the Jews?

He would be certain to report the incident as a deliberate lying in wait to assassinate a Roman officer. . . . He would be making his report that same morning. . . . It would assuredly come before Pansa, and Pansa would have him arrested at once!

He must fly, he must be out of Jerusalem before daybreak!

Crazy with terror, he rushed down the slope of the hill and skirting the walls ran in the direction of Bethesda.

**I**N a short while, Judas reached the Jericho road. Here he paused for a moment. Should he make for the Town of Palma and try to find employment of some sort there, or should he present himself to John at the Jordan and be dipped in the water of the river, and so be initiated into the life of grace, whilst awaiting the Messiah? He had the feeling that work—the humble daily task—did not accord with the desperate turmoil raging in his brain. He was impatient to undertake some great enterprise. He would be the Chief Warrior standing at the side of the Lord's Anointed.

So he took the turning to the right and with his wolf-like stride walked on towards the valley of the Jordan.

All that night he walked down the stony track, hewn out of the rock. With the new morning he entered the belt or tamarisks that bordered the stream. About the seventh hour he reached the ford near Bethabara.

To his astonishment the place was completely deserted. He had expected to find the usual crowd of John's disciples and pilgrims come to see the new Prophet of whom all Judaea had been speaking.

Then he noticed the fresh footprints of human feet, enormous prints like those of a giant, that led to the foot of a dune. Following these a man suddenly appeared and looked down on him from behind the dune itself. He seemed to be a Sabaeen, tall, dark, and wearing a red keffiyeh.

"Peace be with you!" said Judas, somewhat disconcerted by this unexpected apparition. "Can you tell me where on the river John the Baptist is? For a year now he has been preaching by this ford, and to-day there's no one there."

"John was arrested yesterday," replied the Sabaeen. "Antipas' men came and seized him and scattered his disciples. You had better be off too, lest the constables should come back and catch you, thinking you are one of them!"

Judas was stunned by this news. "What?" he said, "they've arrested John? What for?"

"Can you dare ask the Great Ones

why they do things?" answered the Sabaeen gloomily. "Antipas is the King, and John disapproved of the way he behaved. So now he's been locked in the citadel at Machaerus, and I can tell you he'll never again come out of it!"

In utter despair Judas threw himself down in the sand. "Alas! poor me!" he muttered. "Who can give me advice now? Who can wash me clean?"

"And what was it you wanted of the Baptist?" asked the Sabaeen.

"I wanted him to baptise me and teach me what I should do to make myself ready for the Kingdom of God. Surely you know that the Messiah will soon come? . . . and I am not ready to receive him."

The Sabaeen only grinned. "Do you mean to say you don't know he has come already?"

"Brother! brother! Do not try to trick me!"

"It is no trick! He has come. He is in Galilee, preaching the glad news. Go to the Lake of Gennesaret, you'll find him there. He has chosen his first disciples. Go, Judas of Keriot, ask for Jesus of Nazareth! He is expecting you!"

On hearing this, Judas, weary though he was with his long journey, felt within him an access of irresistible energy. "I shall go to find him! I thank you, brother! Peace be with you!" and he began to run towards the reed-beds.

Standing erect on the summit of the dunes with his arms crossed on his breast and a sardonic smile on his face, the Sabaeen followed him with his eyes until he disappeared among the tamarisks. Then an eddying whirl of wind hid him in a cloud of sand, and when this subsided he was gone.

For three days Judas tramped northward along the bank of the Jordan, sleeping with peasants and begging bread. He pined all he met with questions about the Prophet.

Everywhere people spoke of him with wonder. His name was Jesus and he was a native of Nazareth. He was immensely wise and anyone who met him could not but admire him and believe in him.

On the other hand there were a few who declared that he was possessed of the Devil, or was a kind of magician, such as they had in Egypt.

Judas listened to all this. But he saw the throngs of pilgrims and sick wending their way to the Rabbi of Nazareth, and he made the more haste towards the Lake.

At Tiberias he got definite information. The Rabbi had been there a few days before and had gone on to Capernaum, followed by a large crowd of his disciples and poor people.

An old fisherman called Zebedee offered him hospitality for a few hours, gave him some barley bread and a grilled fish to eat, and told him that Jesus had taken away with him his two sons, James and John, telling them he would make them fishers of men's souls.

"And my two sons went with him," said the old man, his eyes still wide-open in amazement. "I only hope they will be great and powerful in the future Kingdom of God, and that they will buy me a new boat for my fishing on the lake."

Judas went on in the direction of Magdala and reached Capernaum on a sultry June afternoon. The little town, clinging to the shore of the lake, was full of people.

The majority were poor and came from every corner of Palestine, but there were also many Doctors of the Law, enveloped in cloaks of gorgeous colors and engaged in animated discussion.

On the doorsteps of the houses the womenfolk were chattering like magpies, exchanging views and opinions with their neighbors.

Please turn to page 62



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**J**UDAS heard one woman telling how the Prophet had cured the mother-in-law of one Simon, a local fisherman.

"Where is Jesus of Nazareth?" he asked her.

"Look over there," she replied, "down on the shore, where the crowd is. That is where he preaches."

Judas hastened to the spot and found a great press of people grouped around a large boat whose bows were grounded on the sandy beach while the stern remained afloat.

Sitting on an upturned tub in the bow, surrounded by ten fishermen who squatted on the deck around him, was a man about thirty years of age, remarkable for the extraordinary serenity of his countenance. Against the blue of the sky his head of nut-brown hair stood out as though surrounded by a halo of light.

He wore a white tunic and a blue mantle was folded across his knees. With upraised hands—the strong, capable hands of a skilled workman—he was preaching—thus:

"Listen! The message I have to tell you comes from the Father that sent me, and its words are the words of Eternal Life. Love one another like brothers, for you all are children of Him who is in Heaven.

"I tell you truly that one thing only is necessary for the coming of the Kingdom of God—that you all become pure of heart.

"Pay no heed to those who say to you that salvation lies in the Law, but who teach you only the letter of that Law. I teach you its spirit. What is the Law without its spirit? It is an empty seed-pod from which the seed has fallen."

Evening was drawing in. The waters of the lake were assuming the soft coloring of the plumage of a turtle-dove. Jesus came down from the boat and walked towards a little height that overlooked the village.

A few of his followers were with him, including Zebedee's two sons and two other brothers, Simon and

Andrew, both local fishermen. In all they numbered eleven. Judas followed at a respectful distance.

When the little group reached the hill, Judas hurried on and joined them. "Master," he addressed Jesus, "I listened to your discourse from the boat and I am ready to serve you to the death!"

The disciples did not know what to make of this dishevelled young man still covered with the dust of his long journey.

"Send him away, Master!" said one—there was something in Judas' eyes that he did not like. "We know nothing about this fellow!"

"Let him be!" said Jesus. "He has come because someone sent him. . . . Then, turning to Judas: "You say you are ready to serve me? But I do not seek people to serve me. I seek those who may love me. Could you love me, Judas of Keriot?"

Judas looked at him in amazement: "Master!" he said, "already I love you more than these others! But how do you know my name?"

Jesus' expression was both kindly and sad as he answered: "I have seen you coming from afar, and I am glad, for I expected you. You are necessary to me. For you also there is reserved a part to play in the preparation of the Kingdom, and it is a hard, difficult part."

Addressing the disciples he went on: "Receive him in your midst, and let him be as one of the family, for from to-day you will all form my family. I have chosen you to spread the glad news and so that you may be, when I shall have returned to my Father, the depositaries of my love for mankind.

"Now, sit round me on the grass," he continued with a cheerful, almost jovial, air. "Let us prepare the ground for our sowing! The time is short and the field to till is vast!"

"To-day I am sending you forth into the country of Israel, but when

## The Unknown Disciple

*Continued from page 61*

I shall leave you for ever, then I shall send you, like strong winds, to the four corners of the earth.

"You will start to-morrow, taking with you only what is indispensable—one tunic, one pair of new shoes, and a stick. You will go into all the villages and talk with everyone, making no distinctions. Talk to Jews and Samaritans, Romans and Gentiles, for the Son of Man has come to do away with all such divisions and gather all sons of Adam into the house of their common Father.

"Proclaim the good news. Everywhere you go, call all the people to the marketplace and speak to them like this: 'Brothers! The Kingdom of God is at hand! Prepare to enter into it, for He who was promised is amongst you, and you shall see Him and see His works!'"

**P**AUSING a moment, Jesus turned to Simon. "You, Simon son of Jonas, will go to Bethsaida. From to-day I shall call you Cephas, that is Peter, because you will be like a rock standing in the sea, with tempests raging around you.

"You two, James and John, sons of Zebedee, my fierce lions, will go into Samaria. From to-day I shall call you Sons of Thunder."

So to one after another he allotted a territory and a task. But to Judas he gave no mission.

"You will remain with me," he said to the man from Keriot, "that you may learn to love me."

"Master," replied Judas, "I love you already, and I wish that you would put me to the proof, so that I may be able to make that clear. Tell me what you want me to do, and I will do it!"

Jesus only shook his head sorrow-

fully and stroked Judas' ruffled hair.

"There you are, by poor Judas, restless already. You throw yourself at me like a whirlwind, but real love does not come like that. It steals on one like the scent of the fields, but one never knows whence it comes!"

Peter was looking dejected.

"Master," he said, "you care more for this man than for us, though he is the last to join your following!"

"Ahl, Cephas, Cephas!" replied Jesus sternly. "Is the physician's place amongst those who are hale or by the side of those who are sick?"

With that he walked towards the village, which in the calm evening was humming like a bee-hive.

After an uneventful voyage lasting nearly two months, the ship on which Varilia and her party were travelling was approaching Tyre.

As the vessel drew in to the shore, Varilia, watching from the deck, became a prey to grave anxieties.

In this far-distant unknown land she, a citizen of Rome and a patrician, was about to set foot in the guise of a slave. It was open to anyone to approach her and suggest a degrading bargain.

Until now she had never realised to the full all that was implicit in her renunciation. From that day forth she would be Varilia only to the man she loved and to a few faithful servants.

To all others she would be just a slave, sent by a friend from Rome to the son of Valerius Gratus as a gift to alleviate the tedium of his exile in Judaea.

That had been the arrangement made with Marcus in the last letter she had written him. He was to send an escort to fetch her from Tyre, where she would land with a number of other slaves.

However, mingled with these depressing thoughts was elation.

**S**OON, Varilia thought, she would have Marcus all to herself in the new freedom that was to be theirs. At the thought, her heart opened and closed like the leaf of a sensitive plant.

Now the ship was entering the port and edging towards her berth. All around on the great moles the quays were swarming with people of all sorts and conditions, discharging or loading cargo, as at Ostia.

Once disembarked and outside in the busy throng Varilia's spirits rose, especially when she found herself being joyfully greeted by none other than Simon, Marcus' faithful slave.

"Domina!" said Simon. "You are welcome, as the first rains of the season! My master awaits you! He sends you his greetings, and has made all arrangements for a good escort."

"I am glad to see you again, Simon! And how is Marcus Adonias?"

"He is well, my Lady, but yearns to see you, as a sick man yearns for the return of the light of day!"

Varilia then inquired about the escort, saying she was anxious to start as soon as might be, and if possible that same evening. She also wanted to know if anyone in the escort was in the secret.

"None of them know anything, my Lady. Marcus Adonias has ordered his banker, Saramalla, who has an important agency here in Tyre, to have ready a caravan with camels, horses, and armed men to act as escort to a favorite slave of his, coming from Rome with her attendants.

"His daughter, Glaphira, has seen to everything, as if it were for Queen Cleopatra! I know there will be a litter for yourself. All you need do is give orders for what you wish done. Saramalla's agent has instructions to carry out anything you ask of him. Let us go and see him."

*Please turn to page 63*

Read how these ex-sufferers successfully fought the racking, torturing coughs and aches of

# CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

Sleep better now at night! . . . Feel better every day!

Lantigen 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine, taken like an ordinary medicine at night before retiring or alternatively in the morning as directed, quickly relieves the difficult breathing, sleepless, choked-up night of Catarrhal and Bronchial sufferers. Read now how Lantigen 'B', the world-famous Oral Immunisation treatment, has successfully treated these fellow-Australians, brought them restful sleep, improved their general health, and helped in promoting long-lasting immunity. Read what they say:—



"USED TO FEAR THE COMING OF NIGHT!"

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"Seven years ago I lay in bed propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. I spent no less than four months in bed. I used to fear the coming of night because all night long I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I sleep well at night. I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis, and I never have a headache."



"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT—NOTHING ELSE BUT COUGH"

Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Queensland:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough. All day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."



"HARSH BRONCHIAL COUGH DISTURBED MY REST AT NIGHT"

Says Mr. Bert Hure, of Bligh Street, Wollongong, N.S.W.:

"I suffered a severe attack of Bronchitis and was left with a harsh, racking cough which no amount of treatment would shift. Then my wife bought Lantigen 'B' for me and, believe it or not, the third day from taking the first dose found me absolutely free from the harsh cough which had worried me all through the days and disturbed my rest at nights, and I now enjoy a cough-free life. Lantigen 'B' is indeed the deadly enemy of coughs and colds."

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## WORKS THROUGH THE BLOODSTREAM

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat, and by the digestive system, Lantigen 'B' stimulates the production of "antibodies." These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain, and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

## ALL THESE BENEFITS

Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.



## NO INJECTIONS

Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime or alternatively in the morning as directed.

## NO DRUGS

Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.

## ECONOMICAL

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211978



# The Unknown Disciple

NOT far from the quays, Varilia found the agent in his warehouse, and he confirmed all that Simon had said.

He told her that Glaphira, his employer's daughter, had written him precise instructions about everything, and had specially enjoined that the favorite of Marcus Adonias be provided with a travelling litter so that she might make the journey in comfort.

Varilia declined the suggestion of a litter, saying that for so long a journey sixteen porters would be required, and that would be too great a nuisance.

This refusal seemed to vex the agent, who began to argue about it. Varilia, however, was firm, and chose a magnificent Idumaean horse. She had always loved riding, and looked forward to viewing this new country, which promised to prove fascinating despite its barrenness, from her position at the head of her caravan, facing the wind.

Simon, however, was much surprised to notice, among the men of the escort, one Barabbas, who passed for the worst character in all Jerusalem.

Barabbas had a finger in many pies—he found women for the Roman troops; he acted as a spy, sometimes for the Zealots, sometimes for the Antonia Tower, and when nothing else offered he lived by stealing and fraud. Glaphira employed him as an intermediary for keeping in touch with Eleazar and his band.

He was a little, ugly, hairy man, with one shoulder higher than the other, bandy legs, and a bestial cast of countenance.

"What? You here, Barabbas? What are you up to?" asked Simon when he saw him.

"I'm doing guide," grunted the other. "I'm sent by Glaphira, Samuilla's daughter, to be guide to the caravan taking your master's favorite to Jerusalem."

Besides Barabbas there were twenty men in the escort, under the orders of a sort of sergeant, a man called Abner, about forty, tall and muscular, his face tanned like the faces of those who live in the hills.

The weather was fine, though the heat was torrid. In weather like that caravans preferred to move in the cool hours of the early morning, resuming their journeys only in the evening, when they would march on until a late hour. By night the stars diffused a light like that of dusk.

Varilia's caravan proceeded in this fashion. During the hours of greatest heat they would halt near some hospitable house, or more often in the shade of a sycamore. Then the men of the escort would sit around talking, especially about the new Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, the man of wonders, whose fame had already penetrated as far as Tyre and Sidon.

Often along the route, by some little wood or on the outskirts of a village, they would pass groups of poor people squatting among clouds of flies. They came from far afield, many were sick or infirm.

They were making for Palestine, for the Lake of Tiberias, where the Prophet had a welcome for all who were poor, and promised them the Kingdom of Heaven.

"May you, too, meet him, Lady," they said to Varilia, "and may he cure you of all your ills."

Varilia listened to all this talk with keen interest and curiosity. This must be the extraordinary person mentioned in the letter of Claudia Procula, who had believed him to be the divine Dionysus.

"I shall certainly see him," she thought, "and I shall recognise him. He will take Marcus and me with him, and we shall be happy. He will teach us to live without grief and pain. He will abolish evil in the world, and bestow his blessing on our love!"

So the caravan wended its way

Continued from page 62

through Caia, Harosheth, Jeron, and presently reached Chorazin.

Here the name of Jesus of Nazareth was on every mouth. The people had seen him, spoken to him, and witnessed his miraculous cures. He was now at Capernaum, and from Syria, Trachonitis, and Iturea came every day crowds of pilgrims and sick.

In her eagerness to meet and see the Prophet herself Varilia ordered that the caravan should start before sunset. Abner, too, seemed anxious to get away. So they made haste to move on, but one man was missing. Barabbas was not to be found.

"That's no matter!" thought Simon. "We don't want him, and I wonder why Glaphira ever sent him!"

From Chorazin the road fell steeply to the Jordan Valley and suddenly they came in sight of the mirror-like expanse of the Lake of Gennesaret stretched below them at no great distance.

Night was well advanced when they reached Capernaum and the little town was asleep. On every wall nets of various kinds were



"Hello, Professor, I see you have a new briefcase."

hanging to dry, and before the doorways stood fishermen's gear, rolls of matting, and upturned tubs. A long line of boats lay beached along the shelving shore, where the water lapped softly, all silvery in the starlight.

In the distance the rocky fastness of Arbelah shone pallid, its rugged scarps clad in places with belts of forest and clumps of wild olive.

They continued on their way until suddenly, from the depths of a thicket that here covered the hillside, came a shrill whistle.

Abner stopped short and raised his spear. At once, as if obeying a pre-arranged signal, half the men of the escort dashed forward and ranged themselves in front of and around Varilia's mount, effectually barring her escape.

At the same moment came a loud cry of "Eli! Eli!" like a warcry, and a troop of some fifty men, coming from all sides, closed in and surrounded the caravan.

"Domina! What is the meaning of this?" cried Cyparissus, rushing to protect Varilia. But a thrust from a spear struck him in the middle of the back and laid him dying on the ground. At the same instant Simon received a blow on the head from a cudgel and fell under the feet of Varilia's horse.

In the twinkling of an eye the escort vanished and Varilia was left with Joessa in the middle of a mob of demons, panting like wolves around their cornered prey.

Joessa was shivering with fright

and calling on all the Gods of her country. Varilia, too, was overcome with horror, but, mustering her self-control, demanded of those nearest her, in Greek, who they were and what they wanted.

There was no reply. Two ruffians had seized Joessa and held her tight by the arms. One of them called out to a man who, on horseback, had been the last to emerge from the thicket and appeared to be their chief. "What about this one? Are we to bring her along, too?"

"No!" came the gruff answer, "finish her off!"

It was all over in an instant. Joessa crumpled and fell under a heavy blow.

"None get on the road!" ordered the leader.

Two men, one on either side, grasped the bridle of Varilia's horse and led it away in the direction of the wood. The bodies of the three slaves were left lying on the roadway, where they fell.

Varilia was choked with horror and fright. Who were these people and where were they taking her? Two or three times she made an attempt to ask, but her voice failed her, hemmed about as she was by this pack of unknown ruffians who kept on calling to one another in some incomprehensible dialect.

Like flashes of lightning there passed through her mind all the possible explanations of this outrage. She thought first that they must have seized upon her in ignorance of her identity. Her disguise had been fatal. None would have dared lay hands on her had they known she was a Roman matron.

And yet they had butchered Joessa, her servant, while the men of her escort had surrounded her horse the instant the signal for the attack had been given, as though to prevent her from escaping.

Then there was this man Barabbas, who had disappeared a few hours before, and the fact that the escort had never made the slightest pretence of defending the caravan—all went to show clearly that the ambush had been prepared.

Most probably these people were Eleazar's brigands, of whom Marcus had spoken in his letters, and they were trying to wreak vengeance on him by capturing her before she arrived in Jerusalem. But did they know the secret of her disguise, or did they just believe they had captured his favorite slave?

What, then, should she do? Should she throw off her disguise, declare her identity, and secure her immediate release? Or should she remain in the guise of a slave and face whatever fate had in store for her?

That, she decided, would be neither possible nor of any use. She would confront these people with the awe always inspired by the word Roman; she would make them understand that they were holding captive one of the most illustrious of Roman ladies, and that it was to their own interest to refrain from treating her in any way that would bring punishment upon themselves.

As they climbed upwards amongst the wooded crags under the pale light of the moon she suddenly checked her horse and addressed the man who seemed to be in command of the band.

"Stop!" she said. "You who are the leader of these men, tell me who you are, and how it is that you dare lay hands on me!"

The resolute words and the tone of authority in which they were uttered served only to provoke a peal of laughter from the brigands. The leader stopped also, looked back, and replied coldly: "Follow me! We've no time to listen to speeches!"

"But," answered Varilia sternly, "do you know who it is that you dare to speak to in that way? If I were to tell you, you would be terrified at what you have done to my servants and to myself!"

Please turn to page 64

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LAUGHING scornfully, the brigand said, "Splendid, only don't frighten me while we are on the road. When you come before my chief you can say all you want to, and you'll find that nobody will be frightened by any of your talk. We children of Judah fear only the Most High!"

Quivering with anger and indignation, Varilia moved on, clutching nervously at the reins. The stony track wound upwards through rocks, for the most part bare, but crowned here and there by clumps of trees and thorny bushes.

As the dusky grey of the sky began to turn to blue, they reached a kind of wooded dale, in the middle of which stood, like a natural fortress-keep, a steep-sided, rocky mound.

At this point the track became so narrow that again two men took charge of her horse.

When they reached the level space at the top of the great tower of rock it was already daylight. In the centre of the plateau about thirty men were busily engaged in stacking wood on a square heap of stones. Varilia recognised at once that it must be an altar. Others emerged sleepily from caverns in the rock-face that formed the background of the flat surface. These were the famous Claves of Arbelia.

When they saw Varilia appear surrounded by their companions, these men set up loud shouts of glee that quickly merged into a sort of psalm of war.

In an instant the mouths of the caves spewed out on to the plateau about two hundred more men, who crowded yelling and singing round the horse of the captive.

"Everything went off all right?" "Oh!" said one, "how pale she is! And so fascinating in that costume of a priestess of Ishtar!"

"Yes! We've got her—the gentle little hind of that young buck, the son of Gratus! Eh! Eh!"

"Get off that horse!" ordered the leader of the band.

But Varus' daughter would not dismount. She would remain mounted while speaking to the rebel Chief, to show him that he had to deal with no ordinary prisoner but with an important and dangerous hostage.

"Fetch your Chief here," she said. "Before I dismount I wish to speak to him."

In the face of this haughty attitude the brigands were disconcerted and did not venture to use force.

For a moment they stood gazing at her with more curiosity than hostility.

All were men of under forty years of age and exceedingly robust. Many were youths, rough but by no means ill-favored, with proud frizzly heads and eager eyes.

After eyeing her for a while longer, they led her to where Eleazar was standing at the entrance to the principal cave. He was a magnificent giant of a man, of imposing appearance, though now more than fifty. His beard, with only a few streaks of grey, framed a noble face. His nose was aquiline, his eyes hard and cold like those of a lion. For head-dress he wore a kind of turban that gave a priestly dignity to his bearing.

"Are you the leader of this band?" demanded Varilia in Greek.

"Yes. I am the leader," replied Eleazar.

"Then it was you who ordered these men to lay hands on me and to murder my servants?"

"Yes, it was I."

"And you know who the woman is that now addresses you?"

"To judge by the marks on your cheeks you are a slave or a dancer of Ishtar."

"Very well," said Varilia in a less aggressive tone, "that at least mitigates somewhat your offence. But I am neither a slave nor a dancer of Ishtar. I am a Roman citizen, a friend of Claudia Procula, the wife of the Governor of Judaea, and the daughter of Quintilius Varus, the former Governor of Syria."

"You will at once have me taken back to the Jerusalem road if you do not wish that I have you exterminated, you and all these people of yours!"

For a moment there was silence. Eleazar's cold eyes rested on Varilia. He might have been a lion and she a gazelle. Then he spoke.

"So you are the daughter of Quintilius Varus? It would have been better for you not to have told me

## The Unknown Disciple

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that! Do you know what your father did to the Jews when he was Governor of Syria? He had two thousand of them crucified in one day! Those Jews have never to this day been avenged. Now, you will settle that score for them all."

Varilia felt her blood run cold. She had known nothing of that.

"So it was to exact vengeance for something my father did that you had me seized?" she asked.

"No, I did not know that you were the daughter of Varus, but I did know that you were the lover of

stood listening eagerly, he called out: "Now, my lads, to work! Make ready the victims for the morning sacrifices. Afterwards we will pass judgment on this proud daughter of Rome, who seeks to frighten us!"

Whilst they made Varilia dismount from her horse and set a squad of men to keep guard over her, Eleazar, followed by all the others, stalked majestically to the altar.

Six sheep were sacrificed, then spitted on rods of green wood and set to roast, while the men began to dance round the altar.

Whirling and spinning as though possessed, they clasped hands, stamped their feet in unison, and uttered shrill animal shrieks. Varilia, utterly crushed, looked on helplessly.

What would be her fate at their hands, when this mad orgy of singing and dancing reached its height? She saw that she was now irremediably lost. She feared death less than some bestial fate that would utterly degrade and profane her.

She thought with anguish of Marcus, whom she would never see again, and her anguish was less for herself than for him and for what he would suffer when he learned of her own suffering at the hands of those against whom he fought.

Just then a woman came out of one of the caves and walked towards her. On seeing her, Varilia felt her heart leap. A woman here, in such a place as this! She must be a messenger of the Gods!

When she came nearer Varilia could see that her handsome tanned face was distorted as if by grief and that her eyes showed all the signs of prolonged weeping. It was Micol.

"Oh! Whoever you are," said Varilia, stretching out her arms towards the new-comer, "take pity on me, who am a woman like yourself and have never done injury to any of these people!"

"Ah!" replied Micol, with a savage gleam in her bloodshot eyes, "so you are the lover of the son of Valerius Gratus, you are the depraved woman, the sorceress, that tore him from his God and offered him to the worship of strange Gods?"

VARILIA said in amazement, "You who speak so harshly to me, can it be that you are Micol, daughter of Phabi, and mother of Marcus Adonias?"

"I am indeed Micol, daughter of Phabi, and the love of my son, that you have filched from me, has been multiplied many times in the hatred that I bear you. I shall take the most terrible vengeance on you. For assuredly it is my God that has delivered you into my hands!"

This outburst left Varilia stunned.

"If you really love your son," she implored, "have pity at least on him. If you make me suffer, it is to him that you will bring the worst suffering. But if you can show pity in no other way, show it in the form of your revenge. Let me be killed outright and not handed over to the desires of your companions here."

Micol uttered a howl like that of a wild beast.

"Ah! No, indeed! My hatred for you is such that I should like to know what torture you dread most, so that I might inflict it on you. You have made my son my enemy. You have made him bow to your idols. You have corrupted his young innocence, and now you come from Rome to hold him again under the spell of your accursed flesh!"

Her face was contorted with demonic fury. She dashed into the middle of her companions, who had gathered to listen open-mouthed to the tragic duel. "Brothers! Tell me what punishment you think will best humiliate this shameless woman!"

"The punishment of the Levite's wife!" suggested one ruffian with a coarse guffaw.

This proposal was greeted with a great yell of approval. "Yes! Yes! The punishment of the Levite's wife! Eh! Eh! Let's carry her into the cave, this daughter of Rome!"

Amidst a frantic uproar four men dragged Varilia into one of the caverns and tore off her clothing. Then began the horror, whilst outside the sound of a horn announced that the tables were set for consuming the meat of the morning sacrifice.

To be continued

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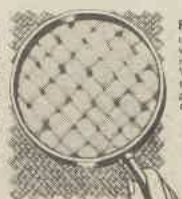
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Take a look at this picture, it shows how to fix  
the brightest of gift wraps, with slick "DUREX" tricks.  
Use clear tape, or coloured, or printed design —  
a few moments' work, and your presents look fine.  
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— Clement Clarke Moore  
(A Visit From St. Nicholas)



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 2, 1950

Page 65



# NORMAN VON NIDA

**GOLF CHAMPION, says:**  
**"Horlicks helps me sleep soundly —**  
**and has a wonderful tonic effect**  
**on my system."**



"I find Horlicks invaluable", says Von Nida, "particularly when I'm playing competitive golf. That's when I must have a good night's sleep and wake up feeling fine — and that's when Horlicks does me the most good".

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So drink Horlicks regularly before bed for deep, refreshing sleep and bubbling vitality the next day. Buy your tin today!



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OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

# The General's Lady

Continued from page 55

RATHER pompously Bobo tried to explain. "You know perfectly well," he said, "it's the best guarantee we have for the survival of the American way of life."

"Is that from the speech Jim wrote?"

"More or less."

"But it's such nonsense, Bobo, if you have to break up something like Niagara Falls."

"Don't exaggerate."

"How could I exaggerate this crazy idea?"

She saw that he was struggling to control his temper. "Somebody's knocking at the door," he said. "I'll open it."

It was her brother Jim, beaming with good will and public relations. "I brought a car over," he told them.

"Just a minute," said Bobo, "till I get my uniform jacket." He took it from the closet, put it on, and went to the mirror to make sure everything was in order. Over his shoulder, he said, "Jim, your sister thinks the whole thing's a washout. She claims people won't let us touch Niagara Falls."

"Wait and see," said Daisy.

"As a matter of fact, I have seen,"

Jim said. "There must be a hundred thousand spectators in the park. I didn't think we'd have twenty thousand. They'll eat it up. They'll love it."

Downstairs, the official car was waiting for them. An MP captain, his face thin and hawklike under his helmet liner, held the door for them, and then jumped in beside the driver.

The speakers' stand, draped with red, white, and blue bunting, had been set up in an open space in the park. Around it and under the trees as far as she could see, the expectant crowds were tightly packed.

"I think I'd like to listen to your speech from down here," Daisy said suddenly, as they got out of the car. "O.K.," said Bobo. "If you want to."

"I wouldn't recommend it, ma'am," the MP captain said. "It would be better if you went up on the stand."

"What's this?" Bobo asked, very much the general. "You expect any trouble you can't handle?"

The MP officer flushed a brick-red, but his voice was steady. "It's my business to know crowds, sir, and I don't much like the looks of things. I've got one company here, and I'm responsible for the protection of your party."

Bobo, after a long, hard look at the captain, nodded, and that was that. Daisy found a place reserved for her on the stand, next to the Secretary.

Somewhere a brass band crashed into the opening bars of the Air Force march. Daisy looked at her programme, and found that the schedule was short and simple—The Star-Spangled Banner, an invocation by a local clergyman, the Secretary's remarks, the address by General Littlefield, and a blessing to round off the proceedings.

When the Secretary launched into his introductory remarks, and referred vaguely to revolutionary changes to be explained by the principal speaker, his reception was cold and hostile, with scattered boos. He came back to his seat flustered and upset.

"First time in my life I couldn't get them on my side," he complained to Daisy. "What's going on, anyhow?"

Bobo got up and went to the reading stand with his typewritten address in his hand.

"I've got a speech here," he told the crowd after silence had fallen on them, "but I don't think I'll use it. I'd rather just talk to you."

Daisy sat up straighter in her chair. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Jim pulling at one ear, as he always did when he was worried.

Meanwhile Bobo was telling his

audience, easily and conversationally, just what he had seen that made him think there might be uranium under the Falls, and why he thought the risk worth taking. From that he moved into a casual and humorous account of some of the difficulties they had run into in building the rubber ball, and the criticism aroused in and out of Congress.

When he came to a lively account of his actual voyage through the rapids and over the cataract, he had his listeners hanging on his words.

"Well, there you are," he resumed with deliberation. "We know, or at least we're morally certain, that underneath all that water there's a rich vein of uranium. And we know how useful that stuff is. Not only for atomic bombs. The scientists tell us that with the proper use of nuclear energy we might be able to raise the standard of living in this country by as much as fifty per cent. That would mean more food, more comfort, more leisure for all of us. In this case, the problem is: How are we going to get at this new source of energy?"

He allowed a pause at this point, in which nothing could be heard but the rush and roar of the waters going over the Falls.

"Frankly," said Bobo, "I don't know how we can use this discovery. Yet. But one thing I want to make perfectly clear. You may have seen irresponsible rumors in print, or you may have heard them on the radio, about a supposed plan which would destroy the beauty and the tradition of Niagara in order to mine the uranium we believe is there."

BOBO paused dramatically. "That would be," he said, "like destroying America to preserve the American way of life. Take it from me, that's out, completely out, as far as we're concerned. We'll find another method."

Under cover of the storm of cheers that followed, Bobo ducked his head in an awkward bow and turned to his seat. Jim met him half way, and Daisy overheard his agonised complaint. "But Bo, you've gone directly against a speech that was okayed right up the line."

Bobo shook him off without answering. Daisy jumped to her feet and threw her arms around her husband. "I don't care what they do to you," she told him. "You were wonderful."

He kissed her, and then turned to the Secretary, who was looking very thoughtful. The applause was still deafening, and Bobo almost had to shout, "You have my resignation, sir."

It doesn't matter, Daisy thought happily. They can retire him, and it won't make a bit of difference.

The Secretary looked at Bobo. "General," he said, "I'd like some sort of explanation I can take back to Washington."

"I had to use my own judgment," said Bobo. "I guess I'm still more of a pilot than a statesman. It's like when you're testing a plane that's supposed to fly right, according to the slide rules and the blueprints. But when you're up there alone and she won't behave, there's no time to ask for a new directive. All you can do is bail out. I guess I bailed out this time, Mr. Secretary."

"How about coming back with me and telling them that?"

Bobo sought Daisy's eye. "I'm sorry, sir, but I have a three-day leave on personal business," he said.

"Unless it's an order."

"Oh, no," said the Secretary. "That's all right, son. I saw enough to make me think you bailed us all out."

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WORTHING YOU A COLOUR



# Hurricane Wedding

Continued from page 9

THEN suddenly he was within fifty feet of the boat. He steadied his body in the water and shouted, "Timothy! The hurricane comes! It is I, Jean Mareo!" The old man did not hear him.

From far across the island, Jean Mareo's ears caught the advancing sound of a great shower. He swam on toward the boat, and only when he was within the light of the old man's torch did he pause to shout again, "Timothy! Ahoy! Let me aboard!"

This time the old man heard and whirled, grasping his spear, his old face and straggling beard wild in the torchlight. "Sea thing, get back to the sea!" he shrieked, poised the spear in his old arms. "Get a-clear!"

The shower was trampling across the jungle, an Jean Mareo almost wept with exasperation. "It is I, Jean Mareo! The storm comes! Let me aboard while we can get ashore!"

"Get a-clear!" Old Timothy yelled, shaking the spear.

Jean Mareo trod water. He had no time to argue. Yet, for all Timothy's age, he was very dangerous while armed with the three-pronged spear. Obviously he could neither convince Timothy of his identity nor impress the old man with the imminence of danger. As Timothy made a brandishing threat with the spear, Jean Mareo fled back beyond the limits of the torchlight, and the old man cackled in glee.

Watching the old man peer for him, Jean Mareo breathed deeply for a moment, then dived downward into the darkness as far as his arms could force his body. Beneath the water, he swam toward the boat.

His lungs were bursting as he neared the shadow cast by the boat into the torchlit water. Then he was beneath the boat, and he shot upward, raising his hands to strike palm-flat where the starboard bottom of the boat curved up to meet the freeboard. His hands made contact, and he heaved mightily. The boat lurched, there was a stumbling within it, a yell, a wild splashing, and he knew that Timothy had fallen overboard.

Breaking water, Jean Mareo dragged himself into the veering boat, reached over the port side and grasped the spluttering Timothy by the collar. Hating to do it, Jean Mareo knocked him out and laid him securely in the 'midships of the boat, and then grasped the great sculling oar.

As he did so, he looked shoreward, and fear like a physical pang struck him in the chest.

The torch on the beach was out and the roar of great rain was coming toward him. In a moment the tremendous rain was all about the boat and he was uncertain of his direction. The torch in the boat went out also, and in absolute darkness he tried to gauge the faint slant of the almost vertically falling rain, which was his only indication of the direction of the island. When he believed that the rain was washing more violently down his face than down the back of his neck, he set out, using the sweep with all his force.

His arms, sweeping the scull back and forth, seemed to have maintained their sweeping for endless time, when suddenly the boat lurched and stranded. He grasped Timothy and sprang ashore, to blunder into the drenched jungle.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

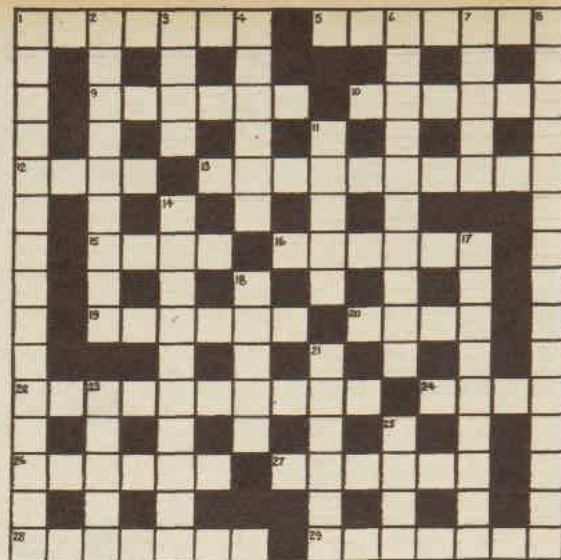
### ACROSS

- Pattern of church tea (7).
- Seed in legat thing is indignant (7).
- Contemptible with a sailor in the middle (6).
- British Protectorate in West Africa (6).
- Atmospheric moisture out of Persia (4).
- Concerning me and the French devil can be cured (10).
- Scolds persistently small horses (4).
- Situated in the middle, so is little Miss although her surroundings are shabby (6).
- I tarry to make up an uncommon thing (6).
- American town (4).
- Me on velvet (Anagr. 10).
- It didn't hit Mademoiselle (4).
- Skilled alchemists in the year of our Lord with mixed pets (6).
- Shore for rainy days (6).
- Her sons with a little shake carry the coffins (7).
- Make a confused rush with a bed lace (7).

### Solution to last week's crossword.

ASPARAGUS MARAT  
A E L A E A  
THRIVEN ANGELUS  
A E C I E T  
PADREWSKI MARE  
O E A T E N S R  
DIXY B GRIEVED  
D E N S O W  
I M M O R A L N S T U N  
E I T M P I N O  
L O S T M E T A C A R P U S  
A S A L S T C  
F L I A B L E T R I P O D S  
S V E S V A  
E V E N T S D U W E S T E R

The blessedness of escape from the sea on to the firmness of the island was an elemental joy of union. Then he got the old man over his shoulder and staggered through waist-deep water along the beach. As he reached the forest, the wind began to rise; as gusts, as sustained sweeping of great air; as strange echoing within all the sky



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- On this flowery road is the pursuit of pleasure (2, 8, 4).
- A girl, I and 30 backwards is heathen convert (9).
- On the back of a rat, nobody can be a truthful person (4).
- Thin sheet of ivory the middle of which is talented (6).
- Liar sibels (Anagr. 10).
- A wealthy person, though in the end he is not worth more than a shilling (5).
- Overlapping horny plates on a fish of
- Judge held as a symbol by a lady whose eyes are covered (6, 2, 7).
- Instrument of measuring (5).
- Shake a grave stag and exasperates (10).
- Of later stone age made of a chit in Leo (9).
- Characteristic mark of a holy electric unit (5).
- In fifty and remote from the sea (6).
- A rope can produce a musical drama (5).
- Grave disturbed rubble after tea (4).

of air cannonading upon air. Finding the entrance to the path and keeping the path was very difficult, and the thundering roar of wind was now punctuated by the whistling snap of branches and the crash of falling trees. As he emerged from the forest into the sweet-potato fields about the mission, the wind caught him like a

great pain. For all his strength and old Timothy's weight, he could not maintain firm contact with the earth, and reeled like a reed in the torrent of air. For the last quarter mile he crawled with the old man lashed across his back by a length of vine.

Please turn to page 69

## A grand all-round favourite...

It's easy to see why eggs rate so highly as a food. In the first place they are a firm favourite with every member of the family...and at every meal! Secondly, they are so quickly and easily served! And thirdly, they are unequalled as a nourishing, body-building food! Eggs, for example, contain every essential mineral you need...every known vitamin, excepting Vitamin C...and, weight for weight, are twice as rich in protein as any other food, including lean red meat. Eggs are more easily digested and more completely assimilated by the system, too! So for faster, more appetizing, more healthful meals serve more eggs in your home...and serve them more often! Ample supplies now, available everywhere.

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.... every day

## Hurricane Wedding

Continued from page 68

REACHING the shelter of the downwind wall of the mission was escape from torment, and he was suddenly without the strength to climb the steps, but sat drooping in the little pool of calmness while the night roared about it. Old Timothy was coming to, and Jean Marco knew that he should get him into the hospital, but for a moment he could only bend, trembling, as the island bowed and trembled.

Suddenly Therese was kneeling behind him with her arms locked about his wet shoulders.

She sobbed, "Oh, Jean Marco! Jean Marco! I thought you dead in the storm!"

He put up his hand and rested it sadly over hers. "I did not board the house... and perhaps it makes little difference, for it was in truth but a poor house, and your father would never have consented, for I have little to give you."

"I do not care for the house! What is a house? I love you with one board, more than all other men with many houses! You are good and kind, Jean Marco, and I love you and we will find a way!"

"I could not dishonor you by taking you without wedding, Therese. And your father will never consent, and Father Anthony would not marry us without your father's word, and I may not leave the island because of the grandmother, the old one, and the brothers, the small ones."

He held her hand again against his shoulder. "I am very tired. Perhaps you would get me clothing, so that I may carry in the old Timothy?"

Clothed, he carried old Timothy into the hospital ward and explained what had happened. "I did not wish to hit him, but there was no choosing."

Jean Marco found a place by the wall of the main room and sat very still with his great hands clasped between his knees. The lamplight gleamed on the close wool of his bowed head and the greatness of his shoulders under the clean blue shirt. He could not bear to look at Therese as she worked among the children.

After a time, the reverend mother, who moved quietly among the people, came up to him and asked, "Are you ill, my son?"

He raised his desolate young face. "No, reverend mother."

"That was a brave thing you did, Jean Marco... What is troubling you?"

"My house, reverend mother. I did not have time to board it."

The reverend mother was aware of all the connotations of this. She patted his woolly head with a quick hand. Then she passed through the trembling buildings held in the ever-rising roar of the hurricane.

Opening the door of the weather room, she stood for a moment watching Father Anthony, who regarded the barometer.

Quoting from a not infrequent notation in the weather bureau's histories of hurricanes, the reverend mother said dryly, "The records of this storm in its passage over the island are of particular interest, although, unfortunately, they are incomplete, as the observer was swept away." She went up to the desk. "How bad is it going to be?"

"Very bad—one of the 'greats.' I have never seen anything like this. We are still hours from centre, and look at the glass!"

The old friends regarded each other thoughtfully and the reverend mother smiled. "Can you leave your wonderfully falling barometer long enough to perform a marriage ceremony?" She put her hand on his arm. "They are such good children! He has worked seven years for her, and his house has gone because he saved

the old man! If we get through this, her father will never consent."

"It would be highly irregular. And you know that I do not approve of marriage without parental consent."

The reverend mother moved to the storm chart on the wall. "So it is likely that there will be a rise of the sea?"

"Unless there is a miracle."

A tidal wave is something with which human preparation cannot contend; there is safety then only in height, and the island's greatest elevation above sea level was forty feet—a fact which the reverend mother's broad back managed to convey.

She repeated, "Such good children."

Father Anthony said, "It would be highly irregular." He glanced at the falling glass, at the climbing velocity recorded on the anemometer dials, then his very bright eyes under their time-worn lids met the reverend mother's sharply as she turned. "In any case, dear and old friend, the only practical gift at the moment is a higher barometer, and that I cannot give them!"

The reverend mother stood flat-footed and portly. "Then give an impractical gift to me! Our friendship does go over a good many years and I have not, I think, asked many things. As for what you can give them, you can give them a little hour of 'yes! All their life has been 'no! If we die to-morrow, you can have given them their little miracle of 'yes.'"

FATHER ANTHONY still hesitated, looking at the glass. "It is still against my rules! I have never spoken service without parental consent!"

The reverend mother also looked and raised her grizzled eyebrows. She murmured absently, "Much may be done by those about to die."

He smiled thoughtfully. "Much may be said by lips that say good-bye." Your reading is unbecomingly wide, and you have always been able to trick me into capping a quote!" He looked at the barometer. "Bring your young ones here, obstinate woman!"

As the young people rose from their knees after the ceremony, the reverend mother gestured that they follow her, and led the way down one of the trembling passages.

At its end, she removed a key from the clip at her belt. "This is the key to the storeroom. It is as safe as any of the other buildings. I have set a little supper on the table, and some of Father Anthony's special wine and some of Sister Frances' secret plum cake. Good night, my children."

The lantern filled the small room with a warm, golden light, and here, too, the air and the earth were filled with the rumble and tremble of the wind, so that the room seemed a little ship flying down a sea of air.

Jean Marco looked down into Therese's soft face, and his hands gently and wonderingly touched her shoulders while her dark fingers rested on his blue shirt. The impact of the wind shook the stones under the dry rushes beneath their feet, yet the room seemed safer than any place that he had ever known.

Suddenly he was no longer weary either with the weariness of the years of waiting or of the long day. Incredulously, he tried to express it to her, "All things are in this room, Therese!"

She answered, "And all the great storm is but the walls of this room!"

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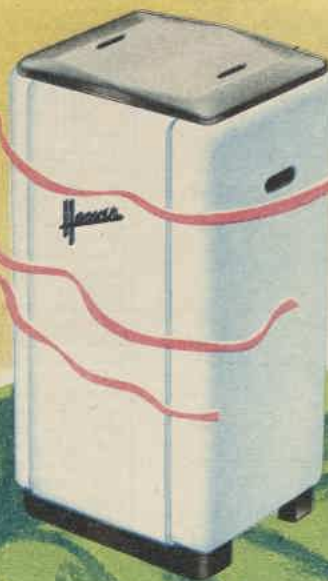


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**GIVE HER THE BEST . . . GIVE HER A HOOVER**



# Home problems for wives taking jobs

By ELIZABETH HANSON, staff reporter

Thousands of Australian wives and mothers have taken part-time, full-time, or casual jobs as a change from household chores, as a means of self-expression, or to supplement the family income.

Whatever the reason for mother going out to work, it usually means that the whole family must adjust itself to changed circumstances.

**P**ROBLEMS arise which never existed before. Almost invariably it falls to the woman to solve these problems.

The individual has to decide whether the game is worth the candle.

Can a mother work outside the home without the children suffering? How do husbands react when wives go out to work? Are the strain and physical and mental wear and tear worth the money? Does going out to work mean a new deal for housewives?

These were some of the questions I asked several working wives and their husbands.

Mrs. B., mother of two school-age children, has been working for the past four years.

"We wanted to build a house," she said. "My husband was only earning a small salary, so something had to be done to bring in more money."

Mrs. B. got a morning home-help job.

She worked five mornings a week, from nine till 12. To get her own housework done she rose at 6.30, prepared breakfast, saw her children bathed and fed, cut lunches for her husband and schoolgirl daughter, delivered her son at a kindergarten, and arrived ready to begin the day at her employer's home.

Afternoons in her own home were devoted to cooking, shopping, washing, and ironing. Sometimes in the evenings she earned more money by baby-sitting.

Now Mrs. B. and her husband own their own home and block of land.

"It's been hard—but worth it," said Mrs. B. "Biggest sacrifice both my husband and I have had to make is leisure. But I had a full, busy life, and on the whole I liked it."

"Of course, something has to suffer when a mother goes to work. In my case it was the house. Better to have dust on the mantelpiece than to impair my health or my family's peace of mind."

Mrs. B.'s advice to other women setting off on the road she has travelled: "Bank the money as soon as you earn it. Don't let it go into the housekeeping or on a higher standard of eating and dressing. And stop when you've gained your goal."

For Mrs. M. the incentive to work was self-expression.

"Housekeeping bored me to tears," said Mrs. M. "I wanted the mental

stimulation of business, but there were my small son and husband to consider first.

"I am lucky in having a co-operative husband. We both devote weekends and evenings to nine-year-old Tommy, so that he won't feel deprived of attention."

"I have my own business. I arrange to get home early three days a week before Tommy returns from school. I don't leave in the mornings until I've seen him safely off, because I think it's essential for him to feel secure."

"We're lucky in having my mother to care for Tommy during the day. Without her help, and without elastic working hours, I don't see how one could manage to be mother, wife, housewife, and businesswoman, too."

"On the debit side is the fact that I'm always tired. My health is never 100 per cent. I must be constantly on guard not to be a domineering businesswoman at home."

"But I don't get bored with my home, my child, or my husband. It's heavenly to get home and just wallow in domesticity. My horizon is wider and I have a much more interesting life. And we have more money to live on."

## Husband's wish

**HUSBAND** Mr. M. gave his point of view.

"Would I be happier if my wife were waiting at home for me with my pipe and slippers laid out?" he said. "I don't think so. I like my wife as she is—mentally alert, able to talk intelligently about affairs beyond the home."

"In general, wives can only make a success of outside work when the wife puts her family duties first, and when the husband helps at home so that both have equal leisure."

**HUSBAND** Mr. S., whose wife works at a part-time job which swells the family income by £5 a week, would like his wife to give up work.

"The extra money isn't enough," he said. "My wife is always tired. She gets nervy and irritable. She was never like that before."

"The whole family has to be so highly organised that we're always in a state of tension. And buttons are often missing from my shirts."



DREADED chore for the working mother is the rush dinner. Wives with jobs complain of overstrained nerves, but say they prefer their full lives.

"Money doesn't buy domestic harmony—and that's what we're in danger of losing."

I asked him whether he thought Mrs. S. was a more interesting companion now in the evenings.

Mr. S. shook his head lugubriously. "Listen," he said. "When I come home at night I'm too tired to talk, anyway. I've talked myself hoarse through the day selling advertising. My idea of the perfect wife is one who sits peacefully beside you and makes a nice cup of tea for supper. She doesn't have to talk to do that."

Another wife who took a £7-a-week job to help beat rising costs has given it up because she found it cheaper in the long run to stay at home.

She had to pay tax, while her husband was no longer able to claim her as a dependent. She had to give up making her own and her two children's clothes, because she no longer had the time.

"Clothes cost us more when I was going to work," she said. "Then 10/- a week for laundry soaked our budget. Food was dearer; instead of marketing economically I had to shop hurriedly and grab what I could get."

"My fares weekly took nearly 7/-, while I could lunch in the office for 1/- a day there was always the temptation to have a 3/- cafe meal."

"Darned stockings or bare legs wouldn't do, as they would at home. And I had to have hats and good outfits for every day instead of wearing simple cottons most of the time and keeping my best and my nylons for occasions."

"Just the same, although life became a rat race, and by the time I'd cooked dinner I was too tired and nervy to eat it, I miss the mental stimulation of having a job."

"Going out to work is the solution to boredom and money problems if a woman has robust health, organising ability, strong nerves, and the sort of job that brings in at least £10 a week to make the struggle worth while."

# ONLY ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

1. Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
2. Banishes odor instantly.
3. The only cream deodorant that ensures full protection for 24 hours.
4. Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
5. Harmless to fabrics.
6. New, improved formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or cakes in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
7. It's easy to apply, safe, fragrant—the simplest and most effective deodorant you've ever used.



Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-ro-no Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.



# ODO-RO-NO

The deodorant without a doubt

FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!



BACK AGAIN! The popular APPLICATOR in LIQUID ODO-RO-NO 2 strengths—Regular and Instant.

2077



Questionable Bargain.

## The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

"If you eat all your peas, I'll read you a story after supper." "If you do your homework every day, we will plan a special picnic next month." "If you're a good girl, I'll buy you a pretty dress."

In such words, many parents bargain with their children. Sometimes the youngsters figure they're getting a good bargain; sometimes they feel they're being cheated.

It's setting a questionable pattern to reward youngsters for doing what

they should be doing as a matter of course, and, at the same time, it's putting a heavy burden on them. If Jimmy misses doing his homework once, for perfectly good reasons, he's likely either to feel that he's treated unfairly when he's reminded of the bargain, or if an exception is made he may feel he's "getting away" with it.

"What's in it for me?" is all too common an attitude and hardly one that we want to support.

## Finger-Tips Lift out Corns

Good Advice to Sufferers on How to With Up Corns so they Come Out Easily and Painlessly.

If you are suffering from hard, throbbing, burning corns—take good advice and put a drop of Frosol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips. Get a bottle of Frosol-Ice to-day from your nearest chemist and get rid of corns—core and all.

## COLOUR ADVERTISEMENT on page 70

Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd. wish to announce that owing to circumstances beyond their control the following prices are effective on and from 1st November, 1950—  
Hoover Electric Washing Machine, £43/10/- (terms from 8/- per week).  
Hoover Cylinder Cleaner, Model 400, £23/15/- (terms from 8/- per week).  
We regret that it was not possible to make alteration to the price and terms shown for the Hoover Electric Washing Machine in the colour advertisement appearing on page 70 before printing. Prices advertised other than these are superseded as from 1st November, 1950.

HOOPER (AUSTRALIA) PTY LTD.,  
66 Clarence Street,  
Sydney, N.S.W.





**"PLEASE don't do that to me!"**

cries

**Letty Lettuce**

"PLEASE don't give me that old-fashioned recipe you mix at home, Mrs. Housewife! Why not make your salads far more delicious . . . and more nourishing with Kraft Mayonnaise."



**"Made just the way you like it—  
KRAFT MAYONNAISE is the most  
delicious of all!" says LETTY LETTUCE.**

If you've never tasted Kraft Mayonnaise or haven't tried it lately, you've a wonderful taste sensation coming! Made with choice, wholesome ingredients from a master recipe, here is a true mayonnaise. Not "oily"—but with a degree of sweetness which is "just right". Here too, is a new, exciting piquancy of flavour . . . a really tasty mayonnaise everyone enjoys—

creamy smooth, not too thick—not too thin—just right. Also—Kraft Mayonnaise stays fresh to the last delicious drop in its gay, re-usable "Swanky Swig" glass. Get a jar of Kraft Mayonnaise from your grocer today (the big 12 oz. family size saves you money)—and you'll never bother to make your own mayonnaise again. Never!

Ask for **KRAFT MAYONNAISE**  
the finest Salad Dressing of all!



**NEW!**

**IMPROVED!**

**WONDER FLAVOUR!**





TOMATO JUICE and luncheon sausage help to stretch the remains of the week-end joint to make the appetising jellied meat and tomato juice ring above. Any of the other dishes illustrated, orange marshmallow cake, waffles with ice-cream and strawberries, or pikelets, may be used to give a flippity to Sunday teas.

● It is a good idea to combine interesting food and pleasant company to make Sunday tea or supper a happy social occasion

**MAKE** the table gay and attractive, and plan dishes that will be popular with family and guests alike.

Cakes, cookies, cold sweets, and some light meat dishes may be prepared the day before.

All spoon measurements are level.

#### JELLIED MEAT AND TOMATO JUICE RING

First layer: One cup tomato juice ( $\frac{1}{2}$  one 16oz. tin), 2 teaspoons gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper.

Mix tomato juice with gelatine softened in hot water. Add lemon juice, sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Pour into wetted ring-tin, chill until firm. Prepare second layer.

Second layer: One and a half cups minced cold meat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. minced luncheon sausage,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock (or 1 cup water flavored with meat extract), 1 teaspoon gelatine, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each cooked peas and sliced cooked carrot, salad ingredients and sliced hard-boiled egg, and mayonnaise.

Mix meat, onion, and parsley with heated stock in which gelatine has been dissolved. Season with salt and pepper, add peas and carrot. Fill into ring-tin on top of tomato juice layer. Chill until set. Unmould

carefully on to serving-platter. Cut into wedges, top each wedge with a slice of hard-boiled egg. Garnish with salad ingredients, serve with mayonnaise.

#### PIKELETS

Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. Mix to a smooth batter with beaten egg and milk. Drop in spoonfuls on to hot greased griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. Cook over medium heat until lightly browned, turn to brown other side. Serve hot or cold with butter, honey, or conserve.

#### ORANGE MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Four ounces butter or other shortening, grated rind of 1 orange, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.

Cream shortening with orange rind and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into 7in. cake-tin, well greased and base lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold top with orange marshmallow and toffee chips.

Continued on page 74

**Sunday  
Specials**

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



## "Snack" a delicious assortment of 12 fine-quality chocolates

The only chocolate block with  
these 4 luscious centres.



### "STRAWBERRY CREAM"

1. A delicious taste-sensation of  
freshly-picked strawberries.

### "TURKISH DELIGHT"

2. A joy to every taste. Rich  
and exotic.

### "CREAM CARAMEL"

3. A rich, creamy caramel-  
flavour which lingers on your  
tongue.

### "FRUIT SUNDAE"

4. An exciting blend of choice,  
fresh-fruit flavours.

*MacRobertson*

Made by

The Great Name in Confectionery

S01



**WHITE CROW**  
Braised Steak & Vegetables

## Readers' favorites win cash prizes



POTATOES and minced steak combined with other flavoring ingredients make a delicious and satisfying main dish for luncheon or dinner. The recipe wins this week's main prize of £5.

● An appetising meat dish which will add interest to a luncheon or dinner menu wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

**A DELICIOUS** honey-orange nut-loaf and crunchy cookies win consolation prizes. Both recipes will be popular for morning and afternoon teas and the lunch boxes.

All spoon measurements are level.

### POTATO MOUSKI

Two tablespoons shortening, 1½ lb. minced steak, 3 small onions, 3 tablespoons white wine, ½ cup water, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, pinch nutmeg, 4 tablespoons bread-crumbs, six potatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter, parsley.

Melt shortening, add steak and finely chopped onions; fry gently until lightly browned. Add wine and water, season with salt and pepper. Simmer 1 hour or until meat is tender, or pressure cook 20 to 25 minutes. Stir in beaten eggs, cheese, parsley, tomato sauce, nutmeg, and half the breadcrumbs. Mix well. Grease an ovenware dish, coat with remaining crumbs. Peel potatoes, cut into ¼ in. slices. Arrange a layer in bottom of dish, cover with meat mixture. Repeat layers until all ingredients are used, finishing with a layer of potatoes. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven ½ hour or until potatoes are tender. Garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Hatcher, Mapledurham, Leongatha, Vic.

### HONEY-ORANGE NUT-LOAF

Two tablespoons shortening, 1 cup honey, 1 egg, 3 dessertspoons grated

orange rind, ½ cup orange juice, 2½ cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Cream shortening with honey, add beaten egg and orange rind. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately with orange juice. Lastly fold in nuts and fill into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) 1 to 1½ hours. Allow to stand in tin for 15 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. Serve sliced with or without butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. F. Zirkler, 172 Kangaroo Rd., Oakleigh, S.E. 12, Vic.

### CRUNCHY COOKIES

Half cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup sour cream or milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon each of nutmeg, salt, and bicarbonate of soda, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup walnuts, ½ cup raisins, 2½ cups flour.

Cream shortening with sugar. Add cream or milk, then lightly beaten egg. Fold in fruit and nuts, then well-sifted dry ingredients. Drop in spoonfuls on to greased biscuit trays and bake in a moderate oven (400 deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool on trays.

The recipe above may be converted into coconut cookies by omitting nutmeg, bicarbonate of soda, walnuts, and raisins, and substituting ½ cup coconut.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Evans, Doubtful Creek, via Casino, N.S.W.

## Sunday specials

Continued from page 73

**Orange Marshmallow:** Into a saucepan place ½ cup water, ½ cup sugar, and 2 dessertspoons gelatine. Boil steadily 5 minutes. Cool. Add ½ teaspoon each grated orange and lemon rind and 1 teaspoon each orange and lemon juice. Beat until thick and white. Spread quickly over top of cake, decorate with toffee chips.

**Toffee Chips:** Into a small saucepan place ½ cup sugar and ½ cup water. Bring slowly to boil, cook gently until the color of light golden syrup. Pour into greased tin. When quite cold, cover with greased paper and crack into chips with rolling-pin or hammer.

### WAFFLES

Two cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter. Sift dry ingredients three times.

Add sugar. Beat eggs lightly, add milk and melted butter. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients. Pour liquid in, stirring constantly with wooden spoon to keep free from lumps. Heat waffle-iron (electric type) for 8 or 9 minutes. Pour ½ cup batter on to one side of iron. Close lid gently, cook 3 or 4 minutes. Do not lift lid for at least 2 minutes. Serve with ice-cream, strawberry conserve, or fresh strawberries.

**Other Serving Ideas:** With ice-cream and mock maple syrup; with ice-cream and chocolate sauce; with ice-cream and caramel or butter-scotch sauce; with honey or golden syrup; with lemon cheese; with sliced fruit and whipped cream; with butter and brown sugar.

Whether made in an electric or non-electric waffle-iron they should be left until the last minute so that they are crisp when served.

**FOR FIT  
AND STYLE  
INSIST ON**



**SINGLET'S - SLEEK'S  
& TRUNKS**

PIONEER PRODUCTS

SLAB-58

## ARE YOU SLOWLY POISONING YOURSELF?

### Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanliness their slogan.

**Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autotoxins—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better Internal Cleanliness.**

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

**COLOSEPTIC  
FOR BETTER  
INTERNAL CLEANNES**

At all chemists and stores.





WHAT A

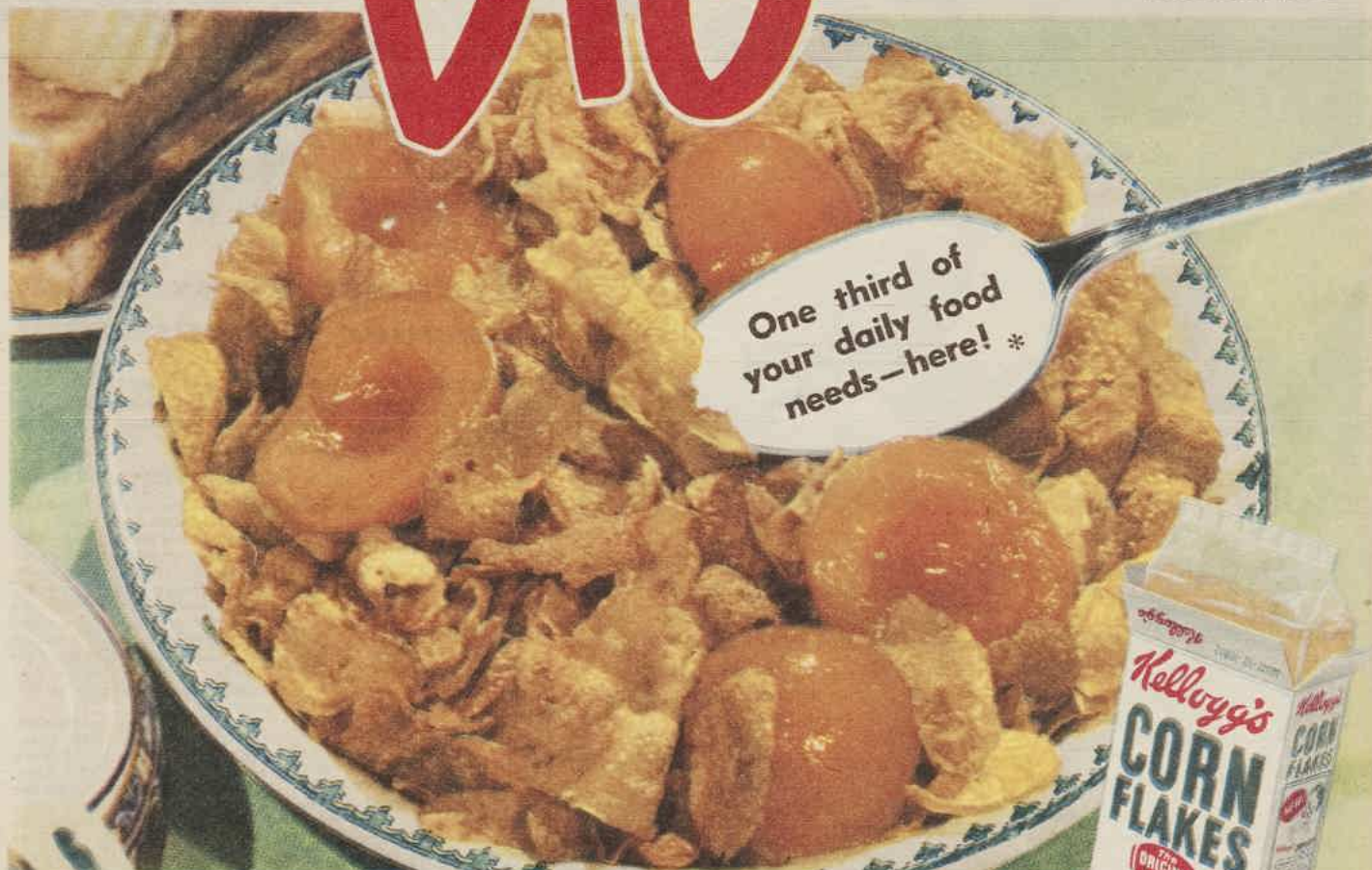
What a grand start for the day!  
Off to school after a plate of  
big, golden Kellogg's Corn  
Flakes. Mmm! Dee-LICIOUS!

# BIG

DELICIOUS  
BREAKFAST!



Never, never skimp breakfast or  
tear off to the office on an  
empty stomach! That means  
trouble ahead! Enjoy Kellogg's  
Corn Flakes every morning.



**Nothing can equal KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES**  
**for flavour, energy value or freshness!**

\*  
**FOOD EXPERTS  
SAY...**



"One plate of Kellogg's Corn  
Flakes with milk and sugar,  
plus fresh fruit and bread and  
butter (or toast) gives you  
one third of your daily food  
needs."

Food experts say it's not how much you eat  
for breakfast—but what you eat—that counts.  
The ideal breakfast is a light, but satisfying  
and energizing meal—such as Kellogg's Corn  
Flakes. These big, golden flakes not only taste  
luscious, but they are packed with energy value.

Only 30 seconds to serve... no greasy  
washing up... no messy pots and pans. So  
serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes to all your family.  
Remember to say "Kellogg's" before you say  
Corn Flakes—because nothing else can equal  
them for flavour, energy value or freshness.

Compare the cost with  
a heavy breakfast

It isn't necessary to quote prices...  
you know what you have to pay for  
eggs, bacon, tomatoes, fish, lamb's  
fry (etc.) these days! One serving of  
Kellogg's Corn Flakes is but a  
fraction of that cost. What's more,  
one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes  
with milk and sugar is equal in energy  
value to three eggs, two big help-  
ings of lamb's fry or three fish!



*Kellogg's*

**MOTHER KNOWS A BEST**



*You get twice the sleeping comfort  
when your mattress rests on  
a **VONO** Spring Base*



Made in  
England.

Don't buy imitations.  
Look for the name  
**VONO**

The Vono Spring Base takes the weight from the mattress . . . automatically cushions itself to the 'lie' of your body.

There's also an English-made VONO INNER SPRING MATTRESS. Features are its lighter springing—easier handling.

There's a  
**VONO** SPRING BASE  
for every type of bed

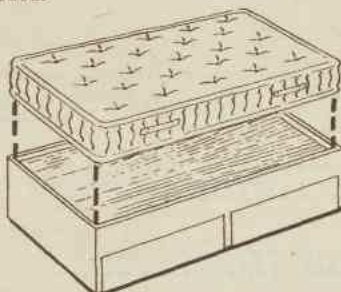
Or you can buy a Vono Spring Base as a complete under-sprung bedstead ready for use with any type of mattress.

AT ALL LEADING FURNITURE STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Sole Australian Agents:

BUNGE (AUST.) PTY. LTD., SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

Even an ordinary non-spring mattress becomes a dream of comfort when supported this way. Note particularly how the supporting underbars of the Vono Spring Base carry the heaviest part of the body, but are not under the head or feet where little or no support is needed.



**DON'T DO THIS**

Many people make the mistake of putting an inner-spring mattress on a wooden platform. If you want the comfort you rightly expect from an inner-spring mattress . . . remember, it must rest on a spring base.



DAHLIAS grown by Miss May Pollard, of Killara, Sydney.

## Autumn gems need summer preparation

Because Easter is early next year most gardeners planted their dahlias for show purposes round about the middle of November, but there is still time to get a fine display from December plantings.

—says Our Home Gardener

**M**OST dahlia clumps will be sprouting now — a certain sign that they should be underground producing roots and vigor for the pageant of color in March and April.

Split the clumps of tubers up very carefully with a sharp knife, and see that each tuber has a nice sturdy sprout attached.

Never let the sprouts grow too long before planting. You'll find them difficult to separate if long, spindly growths have developed, and the slightest touch sometimes will break them off, leaving a "blind" tuber that will come to nothing.

Any tubers that have not developed sprouts after the clumps have been covered for a few weeks with moist soil can be discarded, for they rarely sprout later on.

Dig a deep hole and lay a sprouting tuber flat at the bottom with the shoot pointing upwards and as near the stake, which should be put in first, as possible.

Cover each dahlia tuber with five to six inches of good soil. Remember that the plant is a fairly heavy feeder, and make your soil fit for this superb plant by adding rotted manure or well-balanced commercial fertiliser.

Water well and then let nature do the rest. If the weather remains hot and dry, water heavily once a week. Do not merely sprinkle the soil. That tends to develop weak roots and poor top growth.

Dahlias such as charms and similar dwarf types should be given a front position, with medium-height types just behind, and tall, sturdy, wide-spreading types such as decoratives at the back. The dwarf types can be given 2ft. of space each way, mediums 3ft., and the big sorts 3ft. 6in. or more. They require full sunlight, of course, as dahlias rarely bloom at all if heavily shaded.

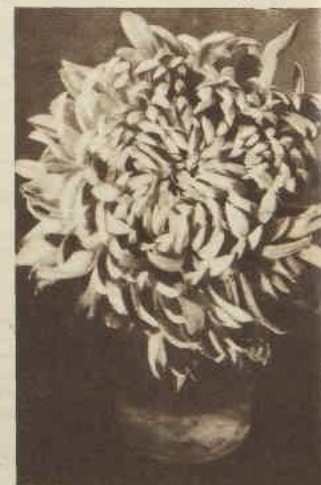
Chrysanthemums should have been planted out long ago in full sunlight, and from now on need periodical pinching back to force them to develop sturdy stems that will later carry heavy crops of foliage and big, colorful blooms. If they are allowed

to grow without being pinched back they will become too spindly and floppy to carry their heavy blooms.

If the chrysanthemums were not thinned out earlier in the season, they can be pinched back now and lifted. They should be transplanted to ground that was well manured some months ago, or if this was not done apply some bone meal and superphosphate and mix in thoroughly. Space the plants out well and water at once.

Daffodils, jonquils, and hyacinths that have died down to the ground can be lifted this month and stored for their annual rest. They appear to do better if given this summer rest. If left standing in the garden and regularly watered, they do not take their needed yearly forty-winks, and often become the victims of eelworm, root-rot, and other troubles.

Tulips also need a rest after flowering is over and their foliage has died down to the ground. Lift as soon as they reach this stage.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS need your attention now if they are to produce big blooms on sturdy stems in autumn.





# Fashion PATTERNS

## Pattern for beginners

F6226.—Beginner's pattern for cape/stole.  
Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in.  
material. Special price, 1/6.

F6225.—Three-piece lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust.  
Requires 3yds. 36in. material for nightgown, 2½yds. for  
slip, 1½yds. for scanties with ¾yd. 36in. lace and 13½yds.  
1½in. lace edging. Price, 3/9.

+ + +

F6227.—Sun dress and jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust.  
Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrasting  
fabric. Price, 2/9.

+ + +

F6228.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds.  
36in. material. Price, 2/3.



F6229.—Frock. Sizes 32 to  
38in. bust. Requires 5yds.  
36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6230.—Suit. Sizes 32 to  
38in. bust. Requires 4½yds.  
36in. material. Price, 2/9.

SEND your orders for Fashion  
Patterns (note price) to Pattern  
Department at the address given be-  
low for your State. Patterns may  
be obtained from our offices in Syd-  
ney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Ade-  
laide (see address at top of page  
17), or by post.

Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 606, Auckland.  
Box 66D, G.P.O., Hobart.



On the beach,  
In the bush,

On the job,  
..enjoy better health,  
better vigour

TAKE  
**Clements**  
TONIC

In two sizes, large and small



GET YOUR BOTTLE TODAY—  
ANY CHEMIST OR STORE



"I LOVE  
JUICY FRUIT.  
THE FLAVOUR'S  
SUPER"

Chewing delicious Juicy Fruit gives  
you real pleasure and satisfaction.  
Enjoy this fascinating flavour at work—  
at play—at any time.

SCHOOL GIRL



FOR  
BURNS, CUTS  
BLISTERS

BETTER HAVE HANDY YOUR



portex  
GERMICIDAL... SELF-STERILIZING  
Plastic Skin

W29-4





SEAT for a young girl's bedroom is made from a box with hinged lid, covered with cretonne, and with frilled or pleated voile skirt. Box provides storage space.



PRACTICAL AND PRETTY GIFT for the invalid or friend in hospital to slip around the shoulders on Xmas Day—and after—is a lace shawl (above right).

## Quickly made gifts



BRIGHTLY PAINTED BUCKET, small gardening tools, and gloves could be given to a friend keen on gardening. A sheet of crumpled cellophane placed in the bucket and large cellophane bow tied to the handle add festive note.

YOU CAN MAKE your own greeting cards, even if you have no talent for drawing. These cards (below) are made from cellophane and white notepaper, are decorated with small bows of ribbon . . . Even a child could make these.



IF you like giving hand-made Christmas presents there is no need to feel that you have left it too late to make them. Each of the attractive gifts shown on this page can be made quickly and easily. Just follow the simple directions on the next page.

WALNUT SHELLS containing small trinkets or favors that fall out when the gay cellophane covers are taken off are novelties that will be appreciated on the party table (below). Attach them to gay little place cards.



CROCHETED PUDDING LIFTER (above) will intrigue and find favor with the housewife. Ordinary household string is used to make this durable gift.

EVENING SCARF (below) is embroidered at corners with tiny pearls to give it the personal touch. Soft chiffon or organdie in pastel shades may be used to make the scarf. Takes only 1 yd. 36in. wide fabric.





## Quickly made Xmas gifts

Continued from page 78



BENEATH the lid of this attractive seat for a girl's room can be housed shoes or hats or beach wear.



BACK VIEW of the pretty lacy shawl which is shown in color on the opposite page.

You pay a compliment to friends and relatives when you give Christmas presents you have made yourself. A hand-made gift has the personal touch that is sometimes lacking in bought articles. You won't find any of these gifts hard to make—and they won't put too big a strain on your budget.

### Bedroom seat

An old type butter-box with hinged lid and a soft voile skirt and frilled chintz top were used for the small bedroom seat illustrated above.

The idea could also be used for a window seat that would give additional storage space. For this the box could be made from a light timber to the length required and then given the same treatment as the butter-box.

Make the skirt by gathering a length of hemmed voile the depth of the box on to a piece of tape to fit the perimeter of the box. The voile should be three times the length of tape to allow for a full, soft gathering. Tack the skirt on to the box.

For the lid of seat make a slip-cover in chintz or other material with a 3½ in. frill, pull the cover over the lid, and tack down at back.

Seat can be padded with cotton-wool if desired.

### Christmas cards

For these hand-made cards, white notepaper with matching envelopes and sheets of colored cellophane paper are used.

First cut a double sheet of the cellophane to fit each envelope. Trim the folded notepaper to leave a half-inch of color showing when the cellophane is inserted into the fold.

Make two holes through the notepaper and cellophane and tie with a narrow ribbon of cellophane. The edge of the card may be trimmed or left plain as preferred.

### Gardening bucket

Paint gay stripes down or around an ordinary household bucket. Allow each stripe to dry before beginning another. Where the handle joins the bucket attach one or two small gardening tools and a pair of gloves.

A large bow of colored cellophane will complete the festive air of this gift for a gardening friend.

### Lacy shawl

Even if you cannot make your own clothes you can run up this flattering shawl. All you require is one yard of pastel-toned net or lace and 3½ yds. of matching ruching or frilling.

The ruching is taped so all you have to do is to pin or tack to the edge of material, then run it around

on the machine, or stitch down by hand.

With matching hair-ribbon it would make an attractive set to box for a friend in hospital.

### Gift in a nut shell

Half the fun of receiving a gift is in guessing what is inside the wrapping. A pair of earrings, a charm for a bracelet, or even threepenny pieces to delight children, tucked into a nutshell will bring an element of surprise on Christmas Day.

Choose large walnuts, and ease the halves of each apart with a knife. Scrape the kernels out. Small trinkets can be placed in one half on a pad of cotton-wool. A coating of office paste will keep the rims of the halves joined lightly together. Twist a small piece of cellophane around each nut for brightness.

### Pudding lifter

One ball of household string will make three of these crochet lifters that fit either a round or cylindrical basin and make the removal of a steamed pudding from the saucepan so easy.

**Materials:** One ball white household string, 1 steel crochet hook, No. O.O., length of tape.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; sl-st., slipstitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble (string once over needle).

**1st Row:** 89 ch. (or any multiple of 5, plus four).

**2nd Row:** 89 tr., sl-st. to top of 1st tr. to join.

**3rd Row:** 15 ch., miss 4 tr., d.c. into next tr. Repeat all round. Sl-st. to first tr. to join.

**4th Row:** Sl-st. to centre of 15 ch. loop, 15 ch., d.c. into next loop. Repeat all round. Repeat 4th row twice. Cut string; finish off securely. Thread a piece of tape about 30 in. long through last row of loops. Sew the ends of the tape together.

**To use:** Cover the pudding basin with greased paper and tie in place. Place the bottom of the basin in crochet circle and pull string tightly from opposite sides and tie in a bow on top.

### Evening scarf

Use material suitable for evening occasions—chiffon, organdie, or slightly stiffer material. Roll edges twice and hem evenly. Sew each pearl on separately so that stitches are not visible. Sequins, diamante, or tiny artificial flowers can be sewn on in exactly the same way.



NOVEL WAY of using walnuts as special Christmas favors. Tiny gifts are placed in half shell, then other half is tightly joined with paste before wrapping in gay cellophane as shown above.

## Alice in Bond's Undieland!

Adventure No. 4



"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, when she had tasted from the bottle marked "Drink Me." Because what do you imagine happened? She began to grow and grow until her head pressed against the roof! "Oh, dear," said Alice to herself, "I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!" But it was too late! She went right on growing and soon she had to lie down with one elbow out of the window, and one foot up the chimney. But then Alice had a wonderful thought! She remembered she was wearing her Bond's "Underlovelies" for little girls.

"Oh goody, goody," laughed Alice, clapping her hands. "No matter how quickly I grow, there'll always be a Bond's Tru-Size slip in rayon locknit to fit me, and a Bond's Tru-Size vest and matching panties, too."

Yes, Mummy! Alice can be sure of a perfect fit in Bond's Tru-Size Underlovelies, as every garment is made true to size. Your little girl can grow to her heart's content, and Bond's will keep up with her, in a tailored slip of rayon locknit, and soft Dreamto cotton interlock vests and panties, or matching sets of unshrinkable wool and rayon smooth, supple fabrics that are wonderful for wearing and washing, too.

Bond's "Underlovelies" for Little Girls

Available at all leading stores

Matching  
Cotton  
on every card

1/-

PER CARD  
EVERYWHERE

Beutron  
OPAL-GLO

... the beautiful

iridescent buttons

that launder... dry clean

and hot irons can't hurt them!

ALWAYS MATCH NEVER CLASH

A product of G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Beutron

THE ALL PURPOSE BUTTON  
Always Matches—Never Clashes



THEY LAUNDRY—THEY DRY CLEAN  
HOT IRONS CANNOT HURT THEM

Stuart  
Crystal



What could be more beautiful than modern English crystal such as this, with its sparkling purity, and lovely design hand-cut by craftsmen? Each piece bears the signature of Stuart—Australia's favourite table glass.



# Here's your Health



## Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits

Eat Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits every day. They compel you to chew slowly—and how delicious that wheat crunchiness is! Remember you will never be radiantly happy starving yourself, so enjoy life—be fit. Slow mastication soon becomes a habit and good digestion just naturally follows.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY.